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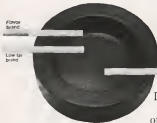
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The cars

This is what they won in 1975.



FERRARI
Formula 1 World Championship

- 1st—Niki Lauda in a Ferrari 312T
- 2nd—Emerson Fittipaldi in a Texaco Marlboro
- 3rd—Carlos Reutemann in a Brabham
- 4th—James Hunt in a Hesketh
- 5th—Clay Regazzoni in a Ferrari
- 6th—Carlos Pace in a Brabham

Ferrari, with Niki Lauda at the wheel, conquered the Grand Prix of Monaco, Belgium, Sweden, France and the United States. With Clay Regazzoni, it won the Italian Grand Prix.



LANCIA
Manufacturers' World Rally Championship

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| 1st—Lancia | 6th—Toyota |
| 2nd—Alpine Renault | 7th—Saab |
| 3rd—Fiat Abarth | 8th—Datsun |
| 4th—Opel | 9th—Alfa Romeo |
| 5th—Peugeot | 10th—Mitsubishi |

Among other races, Lancia also won the Monte Carlo, San Remo, and Sweden Rallies and the Tour de Corse and was second in the East African Safari. It also won the Four Regions and S. Martino di Castrozza Rallies (counting towards the European Drivers' Rally Championship) and the Tour of France (classification as of November 11, 1975).

of Italy.



FIAT European Drivers' Rally Championship

- 1st—Fiat Abarth 124—Verini and Rossetti
- 2nd—Fiat Abarth 124—Bacchelli and Scabini
- 3rd—Fiat Abarth 124—Jaroszewicz and Zywowski
- 4th—Alfa Romeo Alfetta GT—Ballestrieri
- 5th—Ford Escort—Coleman
- 6th—Alpine Renault—Nicolas
- 7th—Ford Escort—Clark
- 8th—Saab—Lampinen
- 9th—Seat—Zanini
- 10th—Fiat Abarth 124—Cambiaghi

In addition, Fiat won the Italian Rally Championship, the Canadian Rally Championship and the Mitropa Cup. The Fiat 516 also won the Portugal Rally counting towards the World Rally Championship, and was second, third and fourth in the Monte Carlo Rally.



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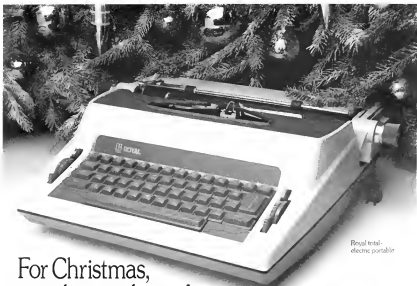
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Next Week

BEEN DOWN TOO LONG, says George Foreman, as he looks back at past mistakes, gives his version of theiasco in Zaire and warns Muhammad Ali that he wants his championship back

A LOST LEGEND is Hank Luiseth, who single-handedly revolutionized basketball in the 1930s and is now forgotten. Ron Fimrite recalls the originator of the shot that shook the Establishment.

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11:45pm	L 4:15pm	Non-stop	Daily	L 2:45pm	4:10pm	Non-stop	Daily
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3:45pm	L 6:00pm	Non-stop	Daily	L 4:45pm	6:15pm	Non-stop	Daily
5:45pm	L 6:30pm	Non-stop	Except Sat	L 5:45pm	7:00pm	Non-stop	Daily
7:45pm	L 6:40pm	Non-stop	Daily	L 5:45pm	7:00pm	Non-stop	Daily
9:45pm	L 7:10pm	Non-stop	Daily	L 5:45pm	7:00pm	Non-stop	Daily
11:45pm	L 7:40pm	Non-stop	Daily	L 6:45pm	8:12pm	Non-stop	Daily
1:45pm	L 8:40pm	Non-stop	Daily	L 7:45pm	9:00pm	Non-stop	Daily
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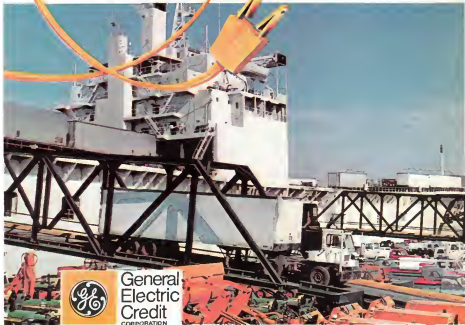
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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

BOOKTALK

by MARK KEAM

ALI: A KNOCKOUT ON THE BOOK BEAT
THOUGH HIS TONE IS NOT THE GREATEST

A book, a painting, a musical composition, a soufflé can often produce curious reactions in the mind of the creator. Tolstoy was plunged into melancholy when *Anna Karenina* was near completion. Always the perfectionist, Flaubert once expressed a desire to fill in every copy of *Madame Bovary* and light a grand bonfire of repentance. Now, at the publication of *THE GREATEST MY OWN STORY* by Muhammad Ali with Richard Durham (Random House, \$30.95), the reaction by Ali should be as predictable as a Sam Peckinpah movie. Ali will give himself the National Book Award and present himself as the new King of American letters.

"I could fill three books," Ali said at the Frankfurt Book Fair, adding, "Just by talking this morning, I could fill yet another." Well, it took him a long time to "talk" this autobiography onto the printed page—six years, to be exact—and what he has finally produced is a quarter of a million dollars' worth of shameless self-indulgence. That is what Random House is said to have paid for the book. Ali gives himself all the best of it, which is all right (from the money view) because that is what his legions expect. But as a book for the record, it is suspect—the truth for Ali has always been what he says it is. The chronology is exact, following a course from the early days in Louisville, through the lifting of his title, his return and on to his victory over George Foreman in Zaire.

By far the most effective chapter is one dealing with a drive Ali and Joe Frazier took from Philadelphia to New York. A tape recorder was put on, and they talked for a couple of hours on an August day in 1970.

Ali: But tell the truth, now. If you fought me, wouldn't you be scared?

Frazier: No, man. Honest to God.

Ali: You really wouldn't be scared?

Frazier: No kunda way.

Ali: I mean my fast left jab, and the way I dance.

Frazier: Nooooo! I'd get close to you. They talk about how fast you is moving away. But you gonna find out how fast I am moving in.

Ali: You remember that time you came to see me against Zora Folley? You was on your way up. You wanted to learn from me.

Frazier: We all have a time for learning.

Ali learned later about Frazier, and will learn much more in the long years ahead, and someday the real story of Muhammad Ali will be done—but not by him. END

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Footloose

by JEANNETTE BRUCE

ON ROCKEFELLER CENTER'S RINK, LOOK FOR DIRTY DICK, MADAME TUTU

The timing was a bit off this year when New York's Rockefeller Center unveiled its 38th skating season. With temperatures in the 70s, the ice was more suited to water-skiing than skating. Us regulars went out there anyway and splashed around the rink under the benign eyes of golden Prometheus, immobilized on his platform. Flaps of all nations, usually fluttering in a brisk breeze, hung motionless. The crowd gathered on the plaza to gaze, enjoying the sun, the blaring music, the last of autumn.

A few things had changed. Admission for adult skaters had gone up from last year's \$1.50 to \$5, and that might explain why a few regulars stayed away on opening day (non-regulars are children on double-run-

ners, obnoxious teen-agers and tourists). For example, Madame Tutu (as I call her) did not show up for the first time in years. Neither did Dirty Dick. Mr. Heffelfinger, a retired CPA, was out there, though, still trying to do what he calls his double schitz, and the Professor turned up to begin his never-ending quest for converts to his "loose" system of skating, which means bending at the waist and letting your arms hang limp, hands plucking at the ice so that it looks as if you're skating and picking up marbles simultaneously. "The human body was never meant to be rigid," explains the Professor. The Princess was there, of course. She is a lady of indeterminate age and skills wearing enough blue eyeshadow to boost the annual profit of Elizabeth Arden. Her costumes are brief, glistening with tinsel, and she always wears a crown, which is what earned her the royal sobriquet. At first glance it seems to have been fashioned from Reynolds Wrap.

Madame Tutu makes her own costumes, too. They are generally of black velvet bordered with fur, and she wears a towering white wig, Marie Antoinette-style. Madame Tutu is upwards of 70 years old, and more power to her. Spanish music turns her on,

and her solo tango or Mexican hat dance, or whatever it is, is always performed in the center of the rink. Like Sonja Henie (the first celebrity to skate at Rockefeller Center, in 1937) she runs on her toes a lot. Madame Tutu also throws kisses to the crowd, which draws polite applause.

As for Dirty Dick, I met him my first time out a couple of years ago, which is not surprising since he glides around waiting to pounce on females venturing from the Skate House. One turn around the rink may be performed in silence while he explores the situation—you keep moving his hand back down to your waist. His patter is a series of travelling-salesman jokes interspersed with invitations to his apartment on the upper West Side for what he calls Bulgarian Kryzyplich, a variation of Hungarian goulash. Dirty Dick is about the size of New York's diminutive Mayor Beame, but his mind is not on municipal bonds or even on Bulgarian Kryzyplich. I fear I'll say this for him. He has taught me to skate fast. I'm polishing a whole boatful of escape techniques, and if my flying camel doesn't fly far enough, I'll ask Madame Tutu to teach me how to run across the ice on my toes. Us regulars stick together. **END**

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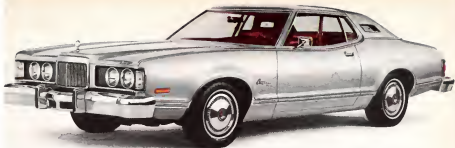
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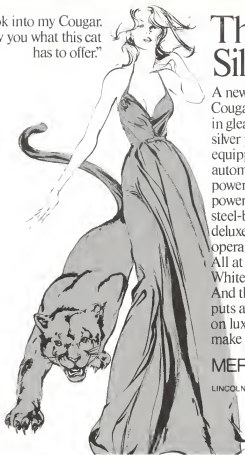
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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

BLOCK THAT HEAD

The head and the face, those seemingly inoffensive parts of the body, are under attack in football. Dr. Joseph Torg of Temple University, an orthopedic surgeon, wants to ban the use of the head as a weapon. Torg, who operates in the morning, teaches in the afternoon and runs Temple's center for sports medicine when he has time, is upset by the current rash of football injuries.

"From injuries this year," he says, "we have in this vicinity six young men who are quadriplegic, one killed and one with multiple fractures of the cervical spine. This is reprehensible. Yet when something like this happens, it's slipped under the rug, forgotten. The people responsible for the conduct of the game have the collective mentality of a herd of field oxen."

Torg complains bitterly about the use of the head in blocking, tackling and running with the ball. "The head must be taken out of the game," he says. "If that problem can't be solved, then the game is unacceptable. God gave us heads for thinking, not to be used as instruments of war."

The face—or really, the face mask—is also accused, critics claiming that it causes worse injuries than it prevents. It protects the mouth, the jaw and the nose, but it may be responsible for fatal or debilitating damage to the wearer's own neck and spine. Says Dave Nelson, athletic director of the University of Delaware, "Dr. Richard Schneider of Michigan recommends taking off the face mask. He claims that when we have a fatality or an extremely serious injury, it may come from a blow hitting the face guard and hyperextending the neck. If we did not have the face mask, I don't think we would have that problem."

COLD BLAST

The occasion was a figure-skating spectacular at New York's Madison Square Garden last week called Superskates II, a gala show designed primarily to raise

funds to send U.S. athletes to the Olympic Games. Great Britain sent national champion John Curry to appear, and the Soviet Union contributed two of its top skaters, Ludmilla Belousova and her husband Oleg Protopopov, four-time world pair champions and twice Olympic gold medalists. There was a brief flurry of concern when U.S. and Soviet red tape tangled up travel arrangements for the couple; their visas finally came through only three days before the Protopopovs were scheduled to leave Moscow. However, they got to New York in time and skated as though there was no such thing as jet lag. It was détente in full flower.

On the other hand, Canada, where anti-U.S. feelings are burgeoning, frostily refused to send any of its skating stars to an event designed expressly to help American athletes. Maybe a little détente with our next-door neighbors is an order.

BENEFITS OF EXERCISE

Four convicts in a Sicilian prison kept themselves in shape by practicing the long jump, reports the *Sunday Times* of London. Prison guards beamed approvingly. The activity seemed to bolster mo-

rale and lessen complaining. Then the complaining came from officials. Because one day the four convicts, confident in their new-found skill, leaped a 12-foot gap between a roof inside the prison and a roof outside and blithely escaped.

OVERREACTING

The Houston Oilers' glorious revival—13 victories in 17 games over the past two seasons, after having lost 31 of their previous 34—was interrupted a week ago Monday night when the Pittsburgh Steelers beat them 32-9. If the Oilers had won they would have tied the Steelers for the lead in the AFC Central Division; the defeat thrust them back to third place, and last Sunday's loss to Cincinnati just about ended their chances to make the playoffs.

Now some cynics are suggesting that maybe the Oilers were better off when they were consistent losers, since some local fans reacted with bitterness to the decline. When Linebacker Gregg Bingham drove away from the Astro dome after the Pittsburgh game he heard an odd crunching noise. He got out to investigate and found that bottles had been placed under each of his tires.

Disgusted, Bingham drove home and there discovered that someone had driven a car back and forth across his previously well-manicured lawn, leaving a large portion of it a mass of ruts and gouges. "I guess nobody likes a loser," said Bingham. "At least, somebody doesn't. Maybe he lost a bet."

Maybe so, though losing bets has been a rare occurrence for fans of the Oilers who, winning or losing, had beaten the point spread 15 times in 19 games since October of last year. Used to winning, a loser broods. That same evening in Houston a carpenter was charged with the murder of his stepson. The carpenter allegedly had said the Oilers were no good, and the stepson had disagreed. Elsewhere, a woman found her husband, who had been watching the game on TV, dead of a gunshot wound.

BUFFALO ÜBER ALLES

Bob McMahon of Philadelphia is an economics teacher who likes to mess around with sports statistics. Recently, he tried to figure out how well Philadelphia ranked with other cities in overall winning percentage and fan support. After poring over endless columns of figures covering pro football in 1974, major

continued



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league baseball in 1975 and pro basketball and ice hockey in 1974-75, McMahon came up with the winner. Buffalo, so maligned in the past, emerged as the No. 1 sports city in the country in both categories—although it must be reported, sadly, that some recent fan inconstancy has led the owner of the NBA Braves to make noises about moving to Toronto.

Nonetheless, Buffalo was tops. McMahon's attendance figures are in percentages of stadium capacity, and Buffalo's 89.0% was better than Boston's 85.7%, with New York City and Los Angeles tied for a distant third at 73.2%. In performance, Buffalo's three pro teams had an overall winning percentage of .664, well ahead of Pittsburgh's .630. Boston was third at .607. Dead last in both categories was Atlanta (44% and .383).

McMahon cautions that the figures are beset by variables. For instance, of the 18 cities studied, neither Buffalo nor Washington have franchises in major league baseball, which, because of its lengthy season, draws at a much lower percentage of capacity than football, basketball and hockey. Nor did McMahon include figures from the World Football League, the World Hockey Association or the American Basketball Association, sticking instead to the older, established circuits.

He split New York in two—the city itself (Yankees, Giants, Knicks, Rangers) and Long Island (Mets, Jets, Islanders)—and found that the city part had the best attendance in the country in relation to performance (73.2% of capacity watched teams play at a weak .427 rate). Oakland (A's, Raiders, Seals) was least supportive (a .581 winning percentage drew only 53.6% of capacity). As for McMahon's hometown, Philadelphia finished sixth in attendance and seventh in performance.

SWEET TIE

George Allen, whose Washington Redskins have been in three sudden-death overtimes this season and lost two of them, one after a highly questionable call on a touchdown pass, is against such tie breakers during the regular season. "Whatever I say now sounds like sour grapes," Allen declares, sounding like sour grapes, "but I've always voted against it. I think overtime should apply in playoffs, yes, but it's too much during the regular season. It doesn't help the game that much. There are some games

where you hate for either team to lose because they both played so well."

Despite Allen's prejudice, the tie-breaker rule has helped the game, but a man is entitled to his opinions. And it should be pointed out that some highly memorable games were ties: the Pitt-Fordham battles in the 1930s, Army-Notre Dame in 1946, Harvard-Yale in 1968. We'll try to forget Michigan State-Notre Dame in 1966.

Just last week, as though to support this argument in favor of standoffs, a high school soccer game in Delaware ended in a tie, and all hands agreed it would have been a shame if it hadn't. Wilmington Christian School and Fairwinds Christian finished regulation play at 1-1. They went through two standard five-minute overtimes without scoring and then a five-minute sudden-death overtime the same way. They went through another sudden-death, and another. And then a fifth overtime, a sixth, a seventh, all the way to 12. Finally, after three hours of soccer, the game, still 1-1, was called and the two schools became co-champions of the Christian League.

Said Fairwinds Coach Tom Smith, "We decided we had proved to be each other's equal. A tie was a good way to end it. We didn't want somebody to win on a lucky shot after all that."

You can almost hear George Allen saying, "Amen."

CALL HIM HENRY

The name of the first prime minister of the newly independent South American republic of Surinam is Henck Arron.

GOOD MAN OUT

Sonny Randle, who was fired last week at the end of his second season as head coach at Virginia, was gravely miscast as football warden at his old school. Randle felt his players should be totally committed to the game. His practices were long and hard. He had strict rules governing the team's appearance and behavior away from football. He was upset when he learned that squad members were going to parties; he felt that defeat—his team had many—should leave the players chagrined and with nothing on their minds but a determination to win next time.

"There were certain ideas here that Coach Randle just didn't fit in with," says Tom Fadden, one of the few players who appeared to get along well with

the coach. "His basic philosophy conflicted with Virginia's philosophy."

Academic accomplishment and social activity are more important at Virginia than football success. For instance, the 1975 football program contains articles dealing with William Faulkner and Marcel Proust, and drinking during games often takes precedence over such things as paying attention to cheerleaders. Unless, perhaps, the cheer is one described in the football program as going: "Part-y Woo! Part-y Woo! P is for party, A is for all night long, R is for right now, T is for take it slow, Y is for why not. Part-y!"

In this environment, says one player, "Randle's methods came as a surprise. There was a lot more intimidation than people expected." Fadden says, "A lot of people here couldn't accept that. They took it personally."

Randle's record, 4-7 in 1974, his first year as coach, sagged to 1-10 this season, and the team lost four of its games by scores of 66-21, 61-10, 37-0 and 62-24. There were other factors, too, but the final loss, to Maryland, was the coup de grace. Even though his contract had three years to run, Sonny was through.

The question then arose: Who would Virginia get to take his place? Who would want the job on a campus that has had 22 losing seasons in the past 23 years? One player says, without conscious irony, "It should be someone who realizes the things you have to avoid to coach football at Virginia."

THEY SAID IT

- Richard Gerstein, Dade County, Fla. State's Attorney, speaking to jockeys at Calder Race Course on the subject of race fixing: "An attempt to influence a rider into fixing the outcome of a horse race won't come from a stranger in a trench coat who looks like he's just stepped out of a Humphrey Bogart movie. It's more likely to come from someone that you know."
- David Dudley, Texas Tech center who was sidelined with injuries for four games, on how much he is missed: "I was really sort of the anchor of the line. When I was gone our offense averaged only 490 yards per game."
- Donald Schupak, co-owner of the Spirits of St. Louis, after 1,144 fans attended a basketball game in the 18,000-seat St. Louis Arena: "You'd think that many people would have come in just to get out of the rain."

END

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IT WASN'T EVEN CLOSE

Not even as close as the Hoosiers' 20-point margin of victory that made a shambles of what figured to be a taut opener with UCLA

by **BARRY McDERMOTT**

It's right over here. Some cheerleaders found the body. Pretty tore up. Can't figure it. See all those championship rings. Looks like some Hoosiers got hold of him and hit him with the St. Louis arch a couple of times, shot him full of jump shots, beat him on the boards and tore his arms off when he tried to handle the ball. Anybody seen ol' man UCLA lately? Lots of people had it in for him, you know.

Even John Wooden would have had to check the dental records to identify what was left of UCLA last week. His old team looked as if it had been staring down both barrels of a shotgun when Indiana pulled the trigger. The blast shattered a dynasty.

Indiana humbled the Bruins and humiliated their new coach, Gene Bartow, a tough blow for a man already burdened with the problems of replacing Wooden and sustaining the UCLA magic that has produced 10 NCAA champion-

continued

As the guards pressed outside, Kent Benson and Scott May (42) thwarted UCLA inside and scored 50 points.





ships in the last 12 years. It was billed as a grand beginning to the college basketball season, but it turned into a showcase strictly for Indiana. The Hoosiers owned the game from start to finish, gaining a measure of solace for their defeat at the hands of Kentucky in last year's NCAA tournament. Indiana had been 31-0 before that loss, and for the past eight months the Hoosiers have been impatiently waiting to make up for it. When UCLA was left for dead, Indiana had its vindication and then some. The Hoosiers astounded a sellout crowd of 19,115 in the St. Louis Arena and a nationwide television audience with an 84-64 victory in a non-contest that was not even as close as the score.

When Indiana lost last year, Forward Scott May played with his left arm in a cast. This time he was sound, and his performance lent credence to the Hoosiers' argument that if May had not been hurt, they would have been national champions last spring instead of UCLA. He scored 33 points, including nine straight shots in the second half as Indiana pulled to a 26-point lead. May had plenty of help, particularly from Kent Benson. The hulking junior center dominated the inside play and exemplified the frenzied Indiana approach. After 10 minutes he and his teammates were so exhausted that they needed to call a time-out. Hustle is the Hoosiers' thumbprint, and it has never been more apparent than in this game. They got every loose ball and re-

bound they had a chance for—and some they didn't.

The play reflected contrasting pregame attitudes. UCLA viewed this as little more than just another opener. Its problems of adjusting to Bartow's system and working some freshmen into the lineup go far beyond the game with Indiana. The Hoosiers approached the game with the fervor of crusaders. Bartow grumbled over devoting so many drills to preparing for an opening game when he should have been getting to know his players. Indiana was practicing twice a day and talking to no one. A friend called Benson early Thanksgiving evening and asked what he thought. "I have to go to bed," he answered.

A sign of how richly Indiana's dedication would pay off came early last month in its game against the touring Soviet national team. Winning by 16 points, the Hoosiers looked marvelous, especially on defense; it appeared that the Russian guards needed a passport to get the ball over the half-court line. And in a series of intrasquad scrimmages around the state, May demonstrated that his arm was healed completely by averaging more than 30 points. There was one moment of concern when he slipped and wrenched his knee near the end of a workout in Fort Wayne. Coach Bob Knight was so shocked that he canceled the rest of that exhibition, but May's injury turned out to be minor, and legions of Hoosier fans immediately resumed buying bumper stickers and buttons that proclaim: **W'FER NO. 1.**

Meanwhile, UCLA and Bartow were growing apprehensive. The Bruins played a desultory game against the Australian National team a week before the St. Louis extravaganza. They did not even shoot their free throws well. Their backcourt play had been particularly lackluster, and Bartow turned up at UCLA's next practice in an exasperated mood. He had a sore throat, an upset stomach and a briefcase full of unanswered questions. "We're not near where we should be," he said. "It looks like we may not be set at guard before mid-December. Sometimes I think I should just go ahead, make a decision and stick with it. Woody Hayes already would have this decided, right or wrong."

Part of the dilemma Bartow faces was epitomized by an incident that occurred several days before the game against Indiana. UCLA Assistant Coach Lee Hunt

was walking through the athletic department when someone wished him good luck for the season.

"We'll be all right," answered Hunt with a measure of sarcasm, "if we win them all."

The man passed for a moment, then said, "Yeah, for 10 years."

The most serious immediate concern centered around Guards Andre McCarter and Jim Spillane and prize freshmen Brad Holland and Roy Hamilton. Bartow called it his toughest decision in 20 years of coaching; he ended up choosing the older pair. McCarter and Spillane would start. In fact, the freshmen would not even make the trip to St. Louis, since a new NCAA rule allows a team only 10 players for road games. That left Holland to earn his baptism under fire in a different manner. The brush fires north of Los Angeles last week threatened his parents' home and forced them to evacuate. The rest of the UCLA team was beginning to feel some heat, too. "We need a win," admitted Spillane. "It'll help relax the coaches."

In the week before leaving for St. Louis, Bartow installed a play cribbed from last year's book. He hoped it would bring more movement to an offense that had become as undependable as a dashboard clock. And he had the Bruins practice against a six-man, then a seven-man defense, trying to give them a taste of Indiana's pressure.

Hunt scouted the Hoosiers game with the Soviets and reported that they were in "midseason form." Indiana's demolition defense particularly worried him. "They've got five guys fouling at the same time, and it's hard for the officials to pick out one man," he said gravely. "On offense they set a lot of moving picks, and Knight intimidates the referees so much that they don't call it."

St. Louis, theoretically, was a neutral site for the game, but it is only five hours by car from Bloomington, Ind. More than 8,000 fans and the school band made the trip. UCLA did not even have its cheerleaders; they had remained in Los Angeles to root for the football team against Southern Cal the night before. The St. Louis Arena had a definite red and white color scheme.

And because of the Indiana defense there was a little black and blue mixed in. The effectiveness of the Hoosiers' pressure tactics can be credited to the bruising play of Guards Quinn Buckner



His team ahead by 20. Knight still argued

and Bob Wilkerson. So far Buckner has overshadowed Wilkerson, but that could change. It is hard to overlook a 6'7" backcourtman who jumps center and has arms that seem to telescope. "I can gamble on defense because with his arms Bobby can take two guys," says Buckner. Wilkerson is as coy about his wingspan as Zsa Zsa is about her age. "Just put down that I need extra-extra-long shirts," he says.

With a decided disadvantage at guard, UCLA needed a big game inside, especially from Center Ralph Drollinger. The erratic, skinny seven-footer had come through before, particularly in last season's title game against Kentucky, but Benson held Drollinger to two points and two rebounds and made the UCLA center as insignificant a factor as background music. Benson approached the game in his usual ravenous fashion. On Wednesday night he devoured a steak for three. His appetite is legendary, and this year he looks as quick with his feet as with his fork. "Strong?" says muscular ex-footballer Buckner. "Kent threw me out of the gym one day. I won't mess with him anymore."

Indiana was taking no chances that the Bruins would get a sneak preview of the test that awaited them. Ever fearful of dark deeds by opponents, the Hoosiers even put out a cover story as part of "Operation Decoy." They made early reservations at one motel, then at the very last minute checked into another, just in case the Bruins had infiltrated the bellboy corps. Knight did not coach at Army for nothing.

Indiana was especially security conscious because it had a couple of gamblers in mind, and almost as soon as the game began it became clear that the Hoosiers had rolled winners on both. Benson needed desperately to stay out of foul trouble, since his backup, 6'8" Mark Haymore, was left off the traveling squad and the tallest player on the bench was a mere 6'5". That one worked out beautifully when Benson committed only one foul in the first half.

The second tactic also clicked. May is the team's best defensive player, a man who makes fewer mistakes than a veteran of the bomb squad. So he guarded the Bruins' quick Marques Johnson, while the slower Tom Abernethy had to cover towering Rich Washington. UCLA started the game by forcing the ball inside to Washington. He had the

open shots but missed, and Indiana edged into a lead that forced UCLA to play catch-up from the opening moments. With Wilkerson and Buckner pressuring the guards and May, Abernethy and Benson slapping away passes into the middle, UCLA never established its inside offense.

Before the game Buckner had complained to the officials that the floor was slippery. It was a hot, humid night in St. Louis, the playing surface was laid over an ice hockey rink and a film of condensation made it treacherous. Even this helped Indiana. At the half the Hoosiers had a 36-28 lead so UCLA had to keep hurrying to catch up on the slippery floor. And the Bruins literally fell down in their efforts. "The floor kept getting worse, and so did we," moaned McCarter.

But the increasing dampness of the court in the second half was hardly the worst of UCLA's woes. It was already obvious that the Bruins were in deep trouble when Indiana held the halftime lead though it had shot only 35%. The last 20 minutes were a different story. The Hoosier defense attracts most of the raves, but their offense proved to be just as good. They crowded everyone in close and ran UCLA through a maze of picks and reverses for open shots. The Bruins were caught in a revolving door and never did find the way out.

Buckner began the second half by posting the smaller Spillane low and scoring six quick points. Then May hit an open jumper, Abernethy laid in a basket and Indiana was ahead by 16. The only Los Angeles team that is going to beat the Hoosiers once they have a lead like that in the second half is the Lakers.

The margin mounted inexorably. It was 72-46 with 6:37 to go, and Indiana was still performing as if it was not going to take any prisoners. Knight was at the scorer's table arguing vehemently that he had three, not two, time-outs left. Already he had kicked over a chair and chewed out an official over a questionable goaltending call that would have given his club a 22-point lead with 8:41 to play. He did not send in his second string until less than a minute remained—another example of how much Indiana wanted a big victory.

This was UCLA's first opening game defeat since 1964. That year the Bruins had only two starters returning from a national championship club, but they went on to compile a 28-2 record and win



Wilkerson uses a telescopic arm to pass.

another NCAA title. This year's team will not be as bad as it looked last week. "They'll be back," said Buckner. And a funeral Bartow predicted better things to come "within a couple of weeks."

The Bruins probably will have to look to their freshmen before those better things begin happening. Along with the young guards, Bartow has 6'10" David Greenwood, who plays forward or center. Greenwood made a brief appearance in the first half against Indiana and seemed lost, although he did chip in with some good play near the end of the game. "It appeared as if we didn't know what we were doing tonight," said Greenwood. "Next time it'll be a different story. We just need some time." And maybe a different team to play against. UCLA, for the first game in a long, long while, was simply overmatched. **END**

THE AGGIES BAG A BIGGIE

Texas A&M remains undefeated, with a good shot at the Cotton Bowl and, conceivably, the national title. But last week the only concern was hooking the Longhorns **by EDWIN SHRAKE**

*Hullabaloo, canek! canek!
Hullabaloo, canek! canek!
Goodbye to Texas University,
So long to the orange and white.
Good luck to the dear old Texas Aggies.
They are the boys that show the real
old fight.
The eyes of Texas are upon you.
That is the song they sing so well.
So, goodbye to Texas University,
We're going to beat you all to —
Chog!ga'raa'gar!em!
Chog!ga'raa'gar!em!
Rough! Tough!
Real stuff! Texas A&M.*

—from *The Aggie War Hymn*, written by Pinky Wilson, an Aggie, while standing guard on the Rhine after World War I.

Emory Bellard puffed on his pipe the way he does when he is thinking what he is about to say. He wanted to be careful, because anything that is said about the rivalry between Texas A&M and the University of Texas may cause otherwise sane persons to howl and thrash around as if they had been drinking kerosene. There is something in the poetry of Pinky Wilson as performed by a 300-piece marching band that makes people start crying and fighting right after the mystical part about hullabaloo, canek, canek. "Gosh dawg," said Bellard, the Aggie football coach, "there hasn't been anything ready-made for our group. We used to be losers. We had to scrap and scratch to change that aspect of it. I sure did appreciate Darrell Royal coming out in that mob at the middle of the field to congratulate us. That takes a real gentleman." Puff, puff.

A couple of hours earlier, Bellard had been riding around Kyle Field at College Station, Texas on the shoulders of a writhing herd of Aggies when he saw Royal attempting an approach. Bellard directed the herd over to the Texas coach and reached down to touch the hand of his former boss. Four years ago Bellard

was still working for Royal and received credit for having invented the wishbone offense that helped Texas win 30 straight games in 1968-70.

Until last week the Aggies had beaten Texas only four times since 1940 and not at all since 1967. Last year's game was an example of the psychic terror the Texas series has held for A&M. The Aggies were thought very capable of beating Texas and going to the Cotton Bowl as Southwest Conference champions. Instead, Texas scored 14 points in the first 54 seconds and won 32-3. After the second Aggie fumble in that opening minute, an A&M press agent smashed his palm on the press box counter and yelled, "How can we be so stupid?" His Texas counterpart replied, "It's tradition."

In fact, this long Aggie run of being spooked by Texas appeared to be continuing well into the fourth quarter last

week before a crowd of 56,679, some 9,000 more than Kyle Field's supposed legal limit. The Aggies entered the game undefeated, first in defense and ranked No. 2 in the nation in the polls. Texas was first in scoring and No. 5 in the polls. By winning, Texas would proceed to the Cotton Bowl as SWC co-champions. If the Aggies won, they would still have to play Arkansas to decide the championship.

College Station is 100 miles east of Austin, out in the flatlands on the other side of Dime Box. Austin is where the Texas hill country starts. A river runs through Austin, a city in which the north side looks like Dallas, the south side like Houston and the middle like the University of Texas. The Aggies have always regarded it as a sort of bordello in which perverts violate every Spartan notion. UT students view Aggies as sempleminded farm boys (A&M's first female stu-

Enraptured by the rugged A&M defense, Texas Halfback Jimmy Walker prepares to go under



dent was admitted in 1963) who are thrilled to wear soldier suits. Neither of these opinions is entirely true but they have led to violence, anyhow. The football series was canceled for several years, decades ago, because of that. It has long been a prize for a UT rowdy to beat up an Aggie senior and take his military boots as a souvenir. The Aggies once branded the UT mascot, a longhorn steer, with the numbers "13-0," the score—in A&M's favor—of the previous year's game. UT intellectuals used a running iron to turn the numbers into the word "Bevo," which has since been the name of the Texas mascot.

On the Monday before the latest Aggie-UT battle, Pinky Wilson's war hymn was blasting over the loudspeakers at Memorial Stadium in Austin as a goad to the practicing Longhorns. Texas Quarterback Marty Akins, out with a knee injury since the TCU game nine days earlier, was running well, his right knee wrapped in tape and in a brace. "I haven't gone full out on it, but it's feeling good," said Akins, an excellent wish-bone quarterback who is sometimes called Jaws for his stream of conversation. The Aggies refer to Akins as "the

governor" because Akins has said he intends to be the governor of Texas.

Dr. Paul Trickett, head of the UT Medical Center and healer for the Longhorn athletic teams, said Akins' knee injury was a strange one. "I think the tendons behind his knee flapped over a muscle and made the pain and sound Marty associated with the terrible injury he had to his left knee in high school," said Dr. Trickett. The Akins knee became a topic as pervasive in Texas as whether it will rain. On Tuesday afternoon he seemed all right. On Wednesday he said it hurt again and he might not suit up. There were stories that Akins had been scuffling playfully with a couple of teammates and had twisted the knee. On Thursday Royal said Akins would start.

On Friday Akins started his 34th game for Texas and went out limping after receiving a terrific wallop on the first play. He came back in toward the end of the quarter and lasted nine plays before he was carried off for good. In the last two quarters against the Aggies, freshman Ted Constanzo was the quarterback. Whether or not that had much to do with it, the Texas offense could not move the ball. Texas sophomore Fullback Earl Campbell, 230 pounds and already an All-America, had the worst game of his life as 235-pound Aggie Middle Linebacker Robert Jackson met him in the eyeballs and usually turned him back. "Jackson was the real star of that game," Royal said later.

The Aggies had their own problems at quarterback. Mike Jay, a former Marine sergeant who had played the previous two games after David Shipman was hurt, was knocked out with a back spasm before the half, and Shipman had to finish. But the Aggies dominated the game to such an extent that it seemed to send a shock through the crowd when it realized that with the fourth quarter under way A&M was ahead by only three points, 10-7, and the Longhorns now had the wind with them. But after an interception, the Aggies went 55 yards for a touchdown, led by freshman Fullback George Woodard. The Longhorns' Russell Erleben kicked a 47-yard field goal to cut it to 17-10, but Aggie Halfback Bubba Bean, the leading rusher in A&M history, broke a trap play for 73 yards to the Texas one before he was over-

hauled by Raymond Clayborn, who had scored the only Texas touchdown on a 64-yard punt return. When the Longhorns held, the Aggies had to kick another field goal and then intercept two more passes to ensure their 20-10 win and the possibility of their first unbeaten season in 35 years.

There were a number of opportunities for the Aggies to collapse as the Texas fans kept expecting them to and the A&M fans feared they might. But the things that used to happen to the Aggies during tense moments against Texas—mistakes, simple bad luck—happened to the Longhorns instead. As the day wore on, the 18-year-old Constanzo was forced to give up on Texas' running game entirely.

"The Aggies have as strong a defense as we've seen in this conference in years," Royal said. "Their secondary played up like linebackers, but they got back fast when we tried to throw. As a friend told me, our woe was all right but we didn't have any go."

The Aggies had the Texas defense with big plays, including an unexpected end around by Carl Rouches for 47 yards on the second play of the game. "I decided before the kickoff that we would run that play at that time," said Bellard. "I wanted to be sure we didn't mess around and forget it."

Texas will now go to the Astro-Bluebonnet Bowl against Colorado with Constanzo as quarterback. "Akins is out of the game unless his knee improves so much he can stand up in two or three scrimmages," Royal said. The Aggies won't know their destination until this Saturday in Little Rock. Arkansas has an 8-2 record and is closing strong. Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles worked as a television commentator at the A&M-Texas game last week, but, said Bellard, "Frank didn't come by and wish us luck. We're one more game away from our goal now. Gosh dawg, I didn't even have but a few hours to enjoy that Texas game before people made me start worrying about this next one."

For the Aggies, a victory over Texas has long been enough to make a season happily remembered, but they appear to have gone past that now. To rob from Pinky Wilson once more, A&M is rough, tough and looks like the real stuff. **END**





THE NEW COLTS ARE MIGHTY FRISKY

Three years of sharp horse trading by General Manager Joe Thomas finally has Baltimore riding high. Beating Kansas City 28-14 made it six straight

by MARK MULVOY

For a long time last Sunday afternoon the Shake-'n-Bake Baltimore Colts played football like a lot of their old living legends. No, that was not Johnny Unitas, No. 19, completing 12 of 13 passes, including 11 in a row, for 145 yards and a bullet touchdown to Tight End John Mackey, No. 88. It was Bert Jones, No. 7, connecting with Raymond Chester, No. 87. No, that was not Lenny Moore, No. 24, hugh stepping for 178 yards and catching four passes for 42 more. It was Lydell Mitchell, No. 26, whose jaunts included a slashing 70-yard touchdown gallop. No, that was not Gino Marchetti, No. 89, the hamburger king, and Art Donovan, No. 70, the beer baron, sacking Lenny Dawson seven times for losses of 44 yards and harassing him into pitching two interceptions. It was John Dutton, No. 78, and Joe Ehrmann, No. 76, and Mike Barnes, No. 63, and Freddy Cook, No. 72—the Looney Tunes, they like to call themselves. And, no, that was not Bob Boyd, No. 40, scooting 40 yards for a touchdown with one of those interceptions. It was Jackie Wallace, No. 20, Minnesota reject.

The only thing missing at Memorial Stadium when the Colts thrashed the Kansas City Chiefs 28-14 was a big crowd. Only 42,122, some 18,000 short of the automatic capacity that the legends always attracted, watched the feisty Colts win their sixth straight game and remain tied with the Buffalo Bills at 7-4 for second place in the AFC's Eastern Division, behind the injury-ravaged Miami Dolphins.

The Colts will probably have to win

their division to make the playoffs, the AFC Central, with Pittsburgh 10-1 and Cincinnati 9-2, is almost certain to supply the conference's wild card. But a lot of people, not just in Baltimore, are beginning to believe that's exactly what will happen. The Colts were 1-4 and apparently headed for another miserable season—they had won only 11 games during three previous years—when the renaissance began. However, after two wins over the Jets and Browns, they were down 21-0 to Buffalo before beating the Bills 42-35. That made the comeback official, and since then they've taken the Jets again, Miami and now the Chiefs. "To put it short and sweet, what we do is Shake-'n-Bake, put ourselves in the oven and then whip up on the other guys," said Wide Receiver Glenn Doughty, the unofficial poet laureate of Baltimore who also found time to combine with Unitas, or Jones, on the 58-yard pass play that led to the Colts' second touchdown. "I told everyone before the game that we would have no pity on Kansas City, and we sure didn't. I'm like my man Muhammad Ali. That dude does what he says he's going to do. Me, too."

For General Manager Joe Thomas the rebirth of the Colts and the hoopla over the Shake-'n-Bake, the Looney Tunes, Young Mr. Jones, the scraggly bearded kid and Old Mr. Unspectacular, Lydell Mitchell, have served as vindication for what his harshest critics—or everyone in town—called the "tyrannical tactics" he brought to Baltimore in 1972. Thomas now says, "The guys who rapped me all the time dug themselves a hole so deep that even if we win the Super Bowl they'll have to write that we didn't win by a big enough score—or that we played dull football."

Although Thomas arrived in Balti-

more with impeccable credentials, having weaned both the Vikings and the Dolphins from the expansion drafts, most people in crabcake country hardly regarded him as the savior of their football franchise. In the spring of 1972 Thomas was out of football, having left the Miami front office, and he put his plush Coral Gables house on the market and prepared to move his family into a small apartment. "I figured there had to be a couple of pro football teams in financial trouble," he says, "so I did a lot of investigating. What I wanted to do was put together an ownership syndicate and run the football operation for them."

In short order Thomas learned that the family of the late Dan Reeves wanted to sell the Los Angeles Rams and that Colt Owner Carroll Rosenbloom, who always thought Baltimore was too far a commute from his swimming pool in Bel Air, wanted to vacate Maryland. Rosenbloom was actively campaigning for a new stadium in Baltimore and a season-ticket plan that would include all those meaningless exhibition games, and to emphasize his points he brusquely shifted the Colts' 1972 training camp from Westminster College, outside Baltimore, to Tampa, a subtle warning that it might someday be the team's permanent stomping grounds.

"The game was on," Thomas says. Some friends introduced him to Bob Iray, a Chicagoan who had borrowed \$800 from his wife's rainy-day fund and parlayed it into a multimillion-dollar ventilating, heating and air-conditioning conglomerate. Presto, Iray, an admitted football nut, bought the Rams for \$19 million. Iray and Rosenbloom then traded franchises. Los Angeles for Baltimore; 92,000 seats for 60,000. The Polo Lounge for The Block. Raquel Welch for Blaze Starr. And Iray did not even get any future cities or draft choices or celebrities to be named later.

"I took charge the day before we opened training camp in Tampa," Thomas says. "The Colts had won the Super Bowl in 1970 and had lost the conference championship to the Dolphins in 1971, but I saw right off that we were an old team on the down side. The real problem was that Johnny Unitas was 39."

Bert Jones (No. 7) is today's golden arm in Baltimore, and Lydell Mitchell has Colt fans recalling the old glory of Lenny Moore.

Thomas promptly acquired a young quarterback, Marty Domres, from San Diego. "We split the preseason games," he says. "Worst of all, we were shut out in one home game and scored only three points in another, as we lost four out of our first five. We were going nowhere slowly."

So, for the first shot in his Baltimore massacre, Thomas fired Coach Don McCafferty, replaced him with John Sandusky for the rest of the schedule and then hit the town with his shocker. Johnny Unitas, No. 19, the man with the golden arm, was benched. Permanently. "I told my wife to be ready for an explosion," Thomas says. "There were signs all over town, letters, editorials, phone calls, the whole bit. Listen, someone had to be the bad guy. I had a long-term contract, so I didn't have to worry about the flak."

Thomas continued his purge of Baltimore's household names as soon as the Colts concluded that 1972 schedule with a 5-9 record, their worst since Unitas, he and his crew cut and those funny high-topped shoes, appeared back in 1956. Tom Matte, Dan Sullivan, Fred Miller, Jerry Logan, Bill Curry, Bob Vogel and John Mackey all were swept out or led to the retirement pasture. Unitas was traded to San Diego.

"To make matters worse," says Thomas, "I hit the fans with two preseason games as part of our ticket package. Our season tickets have dropped from 47,000 to 28,000, but I kept those preseason games right there. Those people will be back."

After hiring Miami assistant Howard Schnellenberger as Baltimore's new head coach, Thomas attacked the college draft. "There are two things I don't do," he boasts, "draft poor football players or trade good young football players. The kid I wanted in the 1973 draft was Bert Jones. He had a Koufias arm and a great football background. Well, Houston had the No. 1 pick and New Orleans the No. 2, and the way I saw it, they were both fixed with young quarterbacks. Houston wanted to draft a big defensive lineman, not a quarterback. So I went around the back door and gave the Saints Billy Newsome and a fourth-round draft choice for their No. 2 in the first round. Houston drafted John Matuzsak, just as I figured, and I got Bert Jones."

Baltimore emerged from the 1973 draft with four other 1973 starters—Defensive Tackles Joe Ehrmann and Mike Barnes, Running Back Bill Oels and Offensive Tackle David Taylor. In 1974, the top selections were Defensive Ends John Dutton and Freddy Cook, the other half of Ehrmann's Looney Tunes front four, and Wide Receiver Roger Carr. Still, the Colts won only four games in 1973, and they were winless last season when an irate Irsay stormed onto the field during their third game in Philadelphia and fired Schnellenberger because the coach would not replace Domres at quarterback with Jones. Thomas reluctantly became head coach.

"None of us really knew the man," Ehrmann says of Thomas, "because there was a gap between the players and the front office. But he didn't come in and start preaching to us or making too many waves. Instead, he talked to us more about his philosophy of life, of winning, of togetherness, all those things—not the little Xs and Os—and he won us over." But, the Colts won just two games in 1974 and, for their ineptness, got the No. 1 pick in the draft.

"There was pressure on me around Baltimore to draft Randy White, the defensive end from Maryland," Thomas says. "The hell with pressure. Local kids don't mean anything to me. In Miami one year, remember, I got everyone in Florida mad at me by planning to pass over Steve Spurrier and taking Bob Griese in the draft. What I needed was an offensive lineman. Atlanta had the No. 3 pick and needed a quarterback, obviously Steve Bartkowski from California. So I told the Falcons I was going to draft Bartkowski and peddle him for a lineman unless they gave me George Kunz, an All-Pro offensive tackle, and their first-round pick. The Falcons eventually came around, and I ended up with two offensive linemen—Kunz and Ken Huff, the guard we drafted from North Carolina."

After the Thomas reconstruction program was completed, there were only four holdovers from the Rosenbloom regime on Baltimore's active roster. "Look at it this way," Thomas says. "Green Bay, Cleveland and Baltimore had all won together for a lot of years. Now the Colts are back on top. Only the Colts. I could have waited like the others. But I didn't."

Forced to hire another new head coach, Thomas selected Ted Marchibroda, who had coordinated George Allen's offense in Los Angeles and Washington for nine years. Marchibroda is light on the verbiage, preferring to lock himself in his dingy office under the stands at Memorial Stadium and get bleary-eyed from looking at films.

"The big thing about Marchibroda," says Iydell Mitchell, "is that he hasn't sold us out. We used to be very restricted. We couldn't talk or question things, we couldn't be ourselves. Now we've surfaced as individuals, and it's not a coincidence that we've surfaced as a winning team."

Ehrmann, the large bearded tackle from Syracuse, regards himself as the unofficial honcho of the togetherness department. "We've got three captains, really," he says. "Kunz is the boss of the straights, the All-American athletes. Raymond is the head of the blacks. Me? I'm captain of the heads, the guys who are loose. Like the Looney Tunes. I'm single, but I bought a big house just with team parties in mind. Everybody comes to the parties, even a lot of the old Colts like Arnie Donovan and Ordell Braase. And every Wednesday night we have a poker game, too."

"All the guys are into their own thing, but the Looney Tunes are in another world. Our approach is carefree and loose. Being serious is not our bag. We're a bunch of weird guys. Hey, the psychological trait of defensive linemen is that they can't get uptight, can't follow all the rules, can't be inhibited and can't worry too much about conforming into what the coach wants."

Worried or not, the Looney Tunes lead the NFL with 47 quarterback sacks. "We're the same four guys we were last season," Ehrmann says, "but you don't sack any quarterbacks when you're down 21-0 real quick, and the other club stays on the ground. We're cocky now. If the situation is right, we'll say, 'Hey, let's mess with their heads.' We run about 20 stunts a game, and the other club never knows how many of us are coming—or from where."

According to Ehrmann, John Dutton is the wildest member of the Looney Tunes. "John's different," Ehrmann says. "He was conditioned to winning at Nebraska. I went to Syracuse, Mike

continued

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Barnes went to Miami of Florida and Freddy Cook went to Southern Mississippi, and we played for bad teams and got conditioned to losing. Dutton always complains to the referees a lot. Barnes is my roommate, a quiet guy. He's a gourmet cook, too, and can make pizza from scratch, which probably is why most of the guys come over on poker nights. Freddy Cook is a beautiful guy, mild, easy, with a lot of depth. He's someone you'd like to fix up with your sister."

While the Baltimore front four torments rival quarterbacks, Kunz and company rarely permit the opposition to make unannounced visits to Jones. "The old rap against me," Jones says, "was that I bailed out of the pocket too quickly and ran too much with the ball. Well, when you don't have any protection, you don't stay in there and get killed. Now I can stay in the pocket all day." Operating with that protection, Jones has completed 59.1% of his passes, thrown for 17 touchdowns, had only seven interceptions and become a big-play specialist.

"Our offensive philosophy has not been what I expected," Marchibroda says. "I thought we'd play more ball control, but Bert has that explosive quality, so we've designed our game plans around what he can do, not what we'd like him to do." Baltimore trails only the O.J. Bills in the NFL's scoring derby.

After practice last Saturday, Jones and his girl friend Danni Dupuis, who was up from Louisiana for the holidays, stopped off at Johnny Unitas' Golden Arm restaurant for lunch. "Never did it dawn on me that I wouldn't be a pro quarterback," Jones said. "I played center for the sixth grade team when I was in the fourth grade, but that was it. I was a pitcher in baseball, and the way the progression went, the pitcher always seemed to be the quarterback." During his high school summers, Jones lived at the training camps of the Cleveland Browns, for whom his father Dub was an offensive coach, and picked up quarterback tips from Frank Ryan and Jim Ninowski. "Back home my mother charmed all my high school games play by play and mailed them off to Daddy in Cleveland," he said. "Then he'd call me, and we'd discuss what I did and why I did it."

Jones had an erratic career at LSU,

mostly because Coach Charley McLen-don had not discovered the forward pass, and when Jones didn't play like a boy Unitas in his first two seasons with the Colts, there was talk around Baltimore that he must be another dumb quarterback from Louisiana like that Terry Bradshaw. "Then Bradshaw won the Super Bowl," said Jones, "and he wasn't so dumb anymore. He's a beauty, though; you're with him at six o'clock and he says he'll pick you up at eight, then you won't see him again for two weeks."

Shortly after Marchibroda moved to Baltimore he summoned Jones from Louisiana for six weeks of skull sessions. "Ted did a mental job on me," Jones said. "We studied films, playbooks, theory, the whole thing. We even graded the other clubs we'd be playing and figured how we might attack them." Jones lives with his football flicks, studying them each night and, he insists, even over his morning coffee. "What it has all come down to is that now I know the reasons why we do things in a game. I never had that concept before. Things worked at times, but I didn't know why."

"Another thing, now there's an air of what I say goes. But there's a new rap against me. People claim I don't see my



Tackle Joe Ertmann leads the Loosey Twos.

secondary receivers. Heck, when I throw 30 or so passes a game, I probably go to a secondary receiver 28 times. Ah, I guess you can't win."

Jones passed almost perfectly against the Kansas City Chiefs, missing only a little fare-out to Mitchell, and, of course, he did win. So what was Doughty's poetic prediction for this week's game against the New York Giants? "We're seven and four!" he shouted, "and going for more."

END



After Joe Thomas had put his team together, Ted Marchibroda put them into contention.

THE SETTING WAS RIPE FOR SCANDAL

College football is vulnerable to rumor. At Kentucky an off-campus murder catalyzed the suspicions

by **JOHN UNDERWOOD**
and **MORTON SHARNIK**

Nearly 25 years ago a great University of Kentucky basketball team made headlines when it was discovered that it had manipulated the scores of its games for profit. The news of the team's infidelity rocked Kentucky and a nation's sports fans, and the term point shaving, if not coined by the scandal, was at least given wider understanding because of it. This fall the chill breath of a possible second scandal, this time involving a not-great Kentucky football team, blew over the campus in Lexington. That it was not immediately dispelled is the subject of considerable conjecture and no small amount of indignation. Now, at season's end, the Kentucky case merits examination in detail, not so much for its own unusual particulars, but because it reveals from what sources and sequences of events can spring allegations that a team or player is throwing games or shaving points. Stripped bare of the mitigat-



A swinger in both dress and lifestyle, Sonny Collins was caught in the eye of the storm.

ing, if bizarre, circumstances, this is the anatomy of the Kentucky case.

On Saturday, Oct. 11, Kentucky, a four-point favorite, lost a football game to Auburn 15-9. Trailing 9-0 with 6:28 to play, Auburn, which had not won a game, scored on a desperate 72-yard pass when Kentucky Safety Tony Gray was 20 yards out of position. Then Auburn quickly scored again after a fumble on the kickoff by Sonny Collins, Kentucky's best back.

At 11:30 that night a Lexington man with a long police record was kidnapped

outside his apartment. Three of the men subsequently arrested for the crime visited Collins in his dormitory room almost two hours later, "Around 1 a.m.," Collins said. One of the three was Kentucky's 1974 All-America tight end, Elmore Stephens, a first draft choice of Kansas City, who was cut in August after being traded to the Giants. Another was John Bishop, a former Kentucky assistant team manager, fired by Coach Fran Curci. Authorities said that the kidnapping may have been a reprisal for a holdup and drug theft that

afternoon involving a quantity of cocaine with a street value of \$60,000.

On Monday, Oct. 13, the arrests were made.

The same day Tony Gray quit the Kentucky team. He objected to being "singled out" in the loss to Auburn. Like Bishop and Stephens, Gray was a graduate of Thomas Jefferson High School in Louisville. He grew up down the street from Stephens, a year behind him in school.

On Oct. 18 Kentucky, favored by three points, lost to LSU 17-14. Curci cited "poor tackling."

On Oct. 21 the body of the kidnap victim, Luron Eugene Taylor, 24, floated to the surface of the Ohio River near Jeffersonville, Ind. and was spotted by a tugboat operator. Two days later Stephens and Bishop, who had been arrested for allegedly kidnapping Taylor, were also charged with murder.

On Oct. 25 Kentucky lost to Georgia 21-13 (Georgia was favored by eight points). Collins was held to 89 yards.

On his 5:35 p.m. broadcast of Monday, Oct. 27, Sports Director Phil Foster of Lexington radio station WLAP reported "rumors" of an investigation of Kentucky football by the NCAA for "alleged point shaving." Foster said, "The NCAA will neither confirm nor deny" that an investigation was taking place.

News of the "news" of the rumors spread rapidly. Television reports made teasing references to the story, and wire services moved it around the country.

Collins, already questioned twice by police, once "after midnight" on Oct. 13 and once "about 4 a.m." on Oct. 17, was questioned by the FBI, this time about point shaving, he said. Under the headline "Investigations, rumors cloud UK football scene," the *Louisville Courier-Journal* quoted Gray as saying, "There's a whole lot of mess going on here." Gray said questioning him would be a dead end because he wasn't the one with the "fine threads" and the "new car."

The insinuations seemed plain enough: Kentucky players were fixing games. ("Point shaving" in this case was a euphemism; the team was losing, not cutting its margin of victory.) Kentucky had outplayed most of the teams it lost to, including Penn State, Kansas and Auburn, but had pulled defeats out of the fire with extravagant mistakes and misadventures. There was an implied narcotics connection, though ill-defined, together with the hot-off-the-blotter kidnap-murder and its familiar cast of characters. Collins was somehow involved. Gray, too. It was Collins, of course, who wore fine clothes and drove a big car. He also had an off-campus apartment, sipped drinks at an artsy off-campus discotheque called The Library (whose co-owner made no bones about betting on Kentucky games) and squired many fine-looking young ladies. He appeared to favor blondes. He was on intimate terms with Lexington horse people and others who liked to bet on football, which, Bear Bryant, a former Kentucky coach, once said, excludes about nobody in the state. He was also a friend of Stephens and Bishop. The latter had stayed in Collins' off-campus apartment and left clothes there the night of the kidnapping. But...

Despite their neat construction, none of these intimations stands up. If the Kentucky team were dumping games, there would be evidence of a betting coup, either locally or nationally. There is none. Bookmakers in Lexington and oddsmakers in Las Vegas report there were no irregularities in the betting line. And they would be the first to holler. Jimmy (The Greek) Snyder, the Las Vegas oddsmaker, said there wasn't "a whisper" in Vegas. Snyder was indignant over the charge, being a close friend of John Y. Brown Jr., the Kentucky Fried Chicken millionaire who is an active Kentucky alumnus and known to be an active bettor.



Ex-Wildcat Stephens was jailed for murder.

No Kentucky games were taken off the board. No abnormal amounts of money were bet on Kentucky's opponents. On the contrary, says one Louisville gambler, Kentucky was favored in seven of its 11 games and the spread over LSU actually went up, from two to three points, before kickoff. The same before the Tulane game: up from nine to 11 points. During the season Kentucky beat the spread only twice. Despite talk of "arrangements," and the team's curious inconsistencies, the bookies said it was "wild" the way the Kentucky faithful kept laying their money on the team.

Examination of Kentucky game films and play-by-play statistics shows no suspicious patterns in the team's breakdowns. Curci himself went back over the

continued

Coach Curci was steering a rudderless ship.



Missus Afro wig. Sonny ponders the action.



films and found only what he already knew: a depressing series of "two-minute disasters" in the form of penalties, errors and numbing twists of fortune were the preludes in Kentucky's hard-earned defeats, not any player or group of players. They were misfortunes hardly new to Kentucky football, which had been an exercise in futility since Bryant left in 1953. Curci, hailed as savior when his second Wildcat team went 6-5 and set attendance records last year, had warned Kentucky fans that with a tougher schedule "we could be better and not have a better record. We have not learned how to win."

The ways Kentucky found to lose were extraordinary. Each week new goats stepped forward. Pass interference by Ray Carr and a personal foul by Tony Gray on successive plays abetted Kansas' drive to its winning touchdown in a 14-10 game (the betting line was Kentucky by 13). It must be said that Carr is also from Thomas Jefferson High in Louisville, but the fumble that set up the drive was credited to a tight end from Corbin, Ky. Against LSU, a freshman quarterback from Chicago had two passes intercepted. In two attempts. He also fumbled once. The fumble and an interception set up LSU's two touchdowns. Against Penn State (a 13-point favorite), Kentucky was trailing 7-0 in the second quarter when another quarterback (from Camden, N.J.) was intercepted at the State two-yard line. An official caught Kentucky holding on the play and gave Penn State the ball *plus* 15 yards. The final score was 10-3. In the three-point loss to LSU, Curci ordered a time-out just as the LSU placekicker was in the act of attempting a 40-yard field goal. The kick was wide, but officials duly noted the time-out and gave the kicker a second chance. This time he made it, with three seconds to go in the half. "We were just trying to make him think about it," said Curci. "He thought about it real good." Meanwhile, the Kentucky field-goal kicker, John Pierce of Cynthia, who set team records last year, went through a four-game period in which he missed 11 of 14.

Kentucky's most painful, most obvious flaw was that it lacked good quarterbacking. Without a passer (Curci tried four), Kentucky's offense was more grind than glide. Opponents went into goal-line defenses at midfield and the Wildcats had to slug it out week after week.

It is in this perspective that the performance of Alford (Sonny) Collins must be considered. As the cutting edge of the Kentucky attack, Collins was a marked man. Defenses tightened up, daring Kentucky to pass, and played strong on the corners to force Collins inside ("I spent half my time trying to find ways to get Sonny outside," said Curci). The racehorse became a plow horse. At 6 feet, 186 pounds, with a 28-inch waist and sprinter's legs—long, rosy calves and heavily muscled thighs and buttocks—Collins is not Larry Csonka, Curci pointed out, but he was being asked every Saturday to get those toughest of yards.

Against Auburn, Collins carried 32 times for 109 yards; his longest run was 11 yards. Against Penn State, he carried 32 times for 140 yards; he was 21 for 192 against LSU, 27 for 133 against Kansas. In discussing the fumble in the Auburn game, Curci said it should be added that Collins carried 15 times *without* fumbling on Kentucky's drives to its three field goals. Furthermore, a film review of the fumble shows Collins was dealt a wicked blow from the side that forced the ball loose. When it is mentioned that Collins inexplicably took himself out of the Kansas game with five minutes to play in the first half and Kentucky on the Kansas seven-yard line (the drive immediately petered out), Curci notes that "Sonny had carried seven of the 11 plays prior to that. He was tired. I tell my backs, 'Don't be a hero. If you're tired, get the hell out of there.'"

But a hero is exactly what Curci considered Collins to be—"a super runner, a super kid"—and a fumbler only in a very relative sense. "For one thing, he's got bad eyes, myopia, but even without that it is not unusual for a great back to fumble. He sees a crack and reacts so quickly he sometimes goes without the ball. I had Chuck Foreman at Miami and he was the same way. As many times as they get the ball and get hit, you have to figure they'll drop it now and then." Collins fumbled four times in 248 carries (while covering 1,150 yards, his second 1,000-yard season), but only the one against Auburn could truly be called crucial.

What made that game's outcome easy to misread was the context in which it was played. In a provincial horseman's town, all too familiar with the maneuvers of smart money, the high hopes and low yield of a favorite football team are

subject to passionate scrutiny. Make no mistake—there were rumors. And Collins was at their vortex: 1) because he naturally stands out, on and off the field; and 2) because a man he did not know (Luron Taylor) was kidnapped and murdered, and three men he did know were arrested for it.

Collins says he had returned from a dance after the Auburn game with a girl friend when the three knocked on the door of the Kirwan I dormitory room he shares with teammate Terry Haynes, a defensive end from Tennessee. With Stephens and Bishop was 22-year-old Robert Channels. Collins says, "I know him well enough to tell Terry never to leave the room when Channels is here. He just looks roughish." (Channels was arrested for possession of marijuana the following night.)

Though Collins had played with Stephens, "and I love all my offensive linemen," they were "never what you'd call real close. I know I was surprised when the Giants cut him, because he was so good. Big and strong and quick. If he'd wanted to make it he'd have made it. He could half try, just go half speed, and make you think he was blocking everybody. He likes to give people the impression he's kind of slow, but he's all business."

Bishop had fallen from favor with the Kentucky athletic department shortly after Curci's arrival three years ago. Curci says Bishop "had a reputation for sticky fingers." Equipment Manager Choke Espin barred Bishop from the equipment room. Collins said Bishop "got shot in the butt in Louisville last summer and after that he was kind of bitter, like he was mad at everybody and wanted revenge. But we always got along just fine."

Bishop, Collins says, was "wearing one of my jackets when he came in. I said, 'Hey, man, that's a nice jacket.' He said he'd return it when he went to pick up his clothes at the apartment the next day. He was staying there. I didn't mind, I always left a key on the window ledge for my parents. Everybody knew it was there. Not much in the apartment anyway except some beanbag chairs and some old furniture I picked up at auction sales."

The dormitory visit, Collins says, was nothing unusual. "John [Bishop] wasn't even excited like he usually gets. We talked about the game, mostly. They

continued

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tried to make me feel better. They could see I had a chick there, though, and after about 15 minutes they left."

One investigator was quoted later as saying that the three used Collins' name "as an alibi" when arrested. Stephens also claims it was not unusual for him to drop by the dorm after games. "I couldn't get tickets," he says. "They were always sold out, so I'd go around to see what happened." He says he'd seen Collins "a few times" since his return to Lexington from the Giants' camp (Collins does not remember seeing Stephens).

Stephens agrees that he and Collins were "not that close." He says he was wary of Collins when he first met him. Why? Because he ran with whites?

"Yeah, you know how that goes—the dudes kind of check it out, see what's happening. After a while I got to know him pretty good. He's just doing his thing, that's all."

Collins has indeed floated freely across the lines of Lexington social life, heedless of any real or imaginary barriers. He appears to live high—his stylish clothes run to eye-catching vests and leather jackets and platform shoes, and beneath his Afro wig he wears thick, tinted prescription glasses. When he smiles he is almost Hollywood handsome. He makes friends easily ("I love people," he says), and they gravitate to him. Some are what one ex-Kentucky player calls "our sugar parents."

But the "new car" is a 1972 Riviera with chipped paint and a chattering tail pipe, and some of the chrome is loose; in fact, one piece is lying on the back seat. And the highball glass at The Library is really a 7 UP with a twist of orange. And though his friend the co-owner, Jimmy Lambert, "used to get well betting against Kentucky," Lambert has said he found himself so attached to Sonny and the team that he "lost along with everybody else." Sonny used to laugh when Lambert said he was going to "bet my house" on the next game. He calls Lambert "a beautiful person." Lexington detective Sam Church confirmed a report that Collins took at least one trip to Las Vegas with Lambert.

Sonny's off-campus apartment is rented just for the season by Collins' parents, who drive up from Madisonville on weekends for the games. Collins' father, a highly religious man with whom Sonny is "extremely close," works for Coca-Cola as a maintenance man and signed

for the Riviera ("he got a real good deal") when Sonny chose Kentucky. He says his father can "always tell when I'm upset, even on the telephone. I try to hide it, but he can tell."

"The trouble with Collins is that he's too damned sensitive," says a former teammate. "He wants to please everybody. Be everybody's friend. No one can do that." The questioning by police shook Collins badly. Naturally high-strung—he lost all his hair in high school in the aftermath of a race riot—he said he found himself "doubting my own innocence. People were saying, 'Sonny, they looking at you. They got something on you.' The second time they questioned me they gave me some law books to look at. All about kidnapping and murder. Oh, man, that about blew me away. I got so I began to think I was the fourth man they were looking for. I finally told them to give me a lie detector test, but they didn't do it."

"It got pretty thick. I was getting calls. One guy says—oh, what was it—'Collins, you do that stuff again and we'll get you,' and he hung up. Another guy got to my roommate Terry and said, 'You better tell your friend to straighten up or he won't be able to walk.' Stuff like that."

The effect on Collins' play was more than obvious, says Curci, it was tragic. "They made a basket case out of Sonny," he says. Instead of running with his customary abandon, Collins seemed almost glad to bury himself in pileups, to avoid the risk of fumbling. "All I can think of is 'hold on to the ball,'" he said.

"Tight? Oh, Lord, yes. Wash Gay [a teammate] told me about the rumors, about the 'shaving.' I wanted to die. I thought, boy, all these people in Kentucky who have been so good to me, now they're gonna hate me."

Collins had averaged more than 135 yards a game, but in the victory over Tulane he rushed for only 46. Toward the end of that game he went to Curci and asked not to be put back in. "I don't want to mess up," he said. In the weeks that followed, his statistics were very poor: 39 yards against Vanderbilt in an upset loss; 68 against Florida. In the season's finale at Tennessee he did not start. He eventually carried 13 times for 53 yards.

Curci said he found Collins crying on the bench at Vanderbilt. "I finally had to get after him, to tell him he was only making matters worse—to just play his

best and ride this thing out with the rest of us. But he's an extremely sensitive young man, and he just doesn't shake things off easily. It's criminal what this thing has done to Sonny Collins."

Curci talked of suing radio station WLAP and sportscaster Foster for "getting the whole damn thing started." Almost every day he had to field fresh rumors, each more outlandish than the one before. The day the team left for Vanderbilt, Sports Information Director Russell Rice came to the practice field with news that a Louisville paper had "heard" that Curci was about to resign. "They'll have to drag me out of here," said Curci. "But now you see what I'm going through. They're going to ruin our program with this stuff. We won't be able to recruit anybody."

According to police official Joe Catt, there had long been rumors of drug usage on the Kentucky campus, but the cocaine theft and murder brought them to the fore. Stephens has claimed he knows nothing about the missing cocaine, although he does say he was held up in Channels' apartment by Taylor and that \$1,000 in cash and a \$500 watch were stolen. (The loss of the cash and the watch was reported to police.) Stephens denies even the use of marijuana at Kentucky, or any knowledge thereof, but Collins said a month ago, "It's around, just like it is on any campus." Gray said Stephens was "big in weed." Collins did not deny having smoked marijuana, but claimed he had "never bought or sold it and never used it during the season," a statement he was to contradict later. Collins said he wouldn't even know what cocaine looked like.

Another major subject of talk concerned associations with "gambling people," partly because of Collins' friendships at The Library and with various known bettors, and partly because of Curci's relationship with John Y. Brown Jr. A Fort Lauderdale newspaper once reported that Brown had added \$22,500 to Curci's base salary as incentive to bring him to Kentucky. Curci denied it then and does now (outside salary supplements are against NCAA rules), and offers correspondence with the NCAA as proof. Kentucky President Otis A. Singletary also denies it, and states further that "John Y. Brown Jr. had nothing directly to do with the hiring of Curci," that it was the decision of the UK search committee.

Nevertheless, Curci says he realized the need to move carefully in the environment in which he found himself. When Brown brought Jimmy (The Greek) Seyder to the Curci home after a game two years ago, Curci told him to please come back another time. "It's not that I don't like Jimmy," he says, "but it wasn't the time or the place."

Ordinarily, Curci prefers to take an equally gingerly stance toward his players. "I'd rather not know too much," he says. "You can be made to look awfully foolish. For example, I'd never say, 'It can't happen here,' because it can. Adolph Rupp was quoted as saying they couldn't touch his boys 'with a 10-foot pole,' and you know what happened. So I don't say that. I just know where I stand, and I try to get involved only when I have to."

With Collins he made an exception last summer when, Curci said, a Lexington banker tried to help Sonny purchase a new Jensen-Healey with a balloon mortgage—ade now, pay later. Curci went around to Collins, who had the car out "on trial," and ordered him to take it back. Collins says he never intended to keep it.

Ironically, it was Curci's see-no-evil approach that helped cloud the issue and compound the troubles. When Tony Gray quit he not only cited his being blamed for the Auburn touchdown pass (Curci denied making him the scapegoat) and subsequent demotion to second string, but talked of Curci's "lack of interest" in his personal affairs. Gray was having marital and financial difficulties at the time. The story bumped headlines with the kidnap-murder and, ultimately, when the "shaving" rumor broke, it was Gray's luck to be the bearer of bad tidings ("the mess" at Kentucky).

Gray now says those remarks were made mostly "while I was laying around the room" after the interview and concerned his own particular gripes.

"I froze on the [Auburn touchdown] pass," he says. "I admit that I missed the change they made at quarterback, when they put in the guy we'd been told was their passer, and I didn't pick up the key, and when I realized what was happening it was too late. But there were still two fumbles after that [by Collins and Steve Compassi on successive kickoffs], and I didn't think it was fair to blame me. Then on Monday, when they demoted me to second team, I quit."

Curci says that Gray had quit before, the week of the Tennessee game in 1974. "I had told him then that the next time would be the last."

The irony was apparent once more. On the day the story appeared quoting Gray about "the mess going on here," Gray was in Curci's office with two of his (Gray's) high school coaches, seeking reinstatement. Curci told him he'd have to take it up with the team, that as far as he was concerned the issue was closed. Gray never took it to the team. "When I saw the paper and the way I was quoted, I didn't go to class for two days," he said.

Gray says there was nothing sinister about his remarks. "When I said 'a lot of mess,' I didn't mean point shaving. I was talking about the kidnapping and the murder. I never even thought about point shaving. The team was close, everybody worked hard to win. Everybody. And Sonny worked hardest of all. Sonny is one hundred percent win."

About a month ago Curci received a letter "of explanation, not an apology" from sportscaster Phil Foster. Foster asked Curci to keep the letter "private." Under the circumstances, Curci said, asking him to do that was "ridiculous."

The letter explained, in 2½ pages, how Foster had arrived at his decision to report what he considered "a statement of fact concerning the rumors" and "not an allegation on my part." He said the rumors had "sickened him," that he was raised in Lexington and "never failed to support any UK team." He said that racism "is still very much alive in . . . our city, and there are many persons who would love to see someone like Sonny Collins crucified."

Foster said he himself was "out to help, not harm, the team," and hoped to being everything to a head by allowing Curci the chance to deny the rumors, but that "even though I'm sorry you are reacting the way you are, and I'm sorry the way Lexingtonians are taking the story, I'm not sorry for doing it. . . ."

Something to be examined, then, is the role of Foster, the catalyst of the point-shaving rumors. Foster is 24 years old, a weekend football and basketball player and avowed UK fan. He says he has had season tickets since he was 16. Foster graduated from Kentucky with a degree in political science last May. Before his decision to become a journalist, he worked a year for United Parcel "but I

hated it." He took a pay cut to become a disc jockey newsmen in Mt. Sterling, 31 miles east of Lexington. When the sports job opened up at WLAP (Lexington's "second-leading station") two months ago, he grabbed it.

Foster says he was two days on the job when he "began hearing things. Everybody was talking about the point shaving." At a UK basketball picture day, he heard a reporter "whose name I won't mention" talking about it. He heard it at a touch football game and at a party after the Auburn game. He said he talked it over with his news director and they decided to go ahead with the story: a 45-second account of "rumors circulating in Lexington." But that was all. No facts (except, as Foster says, "the fact that there were rumors"), not even an "inside," "unimpeachable" or "reliable" source.

Foster says that when he arrived at the station the next day he heard "there had been a lot of calls—media people, the AP, stations all over Kentucky. At first I was elated. Then I started fielding a few of my own. My spirits plummeted."

His spirits, but not his journalistic fervor. Considering everything, Foster says, "I'd do it again. In my own mind, I did nothing wrong."

Just before the last game of the season, with Tennessee, Curci told his players to "put aside your pot and speed and play ball." It was meant as a joke, but nobody laughed. By this time the university had launched its own investigation of possible violations of NCAA and student code regulations, while specifically stating that there was no evidence of point shaving.

In addition Collins had admitted to Lexington police that he had been smoking marijuana the night of the kidnapping. Two other players, in a statement made to police, were accused by a witness of taking amphetamines before the Penn State game. In total, 17 players were to be interrogated about the use of marijuana and other drugs. Even more ominous, according to police, were hearsay reports concerning possible cocaine use by members of the team, although this did not specifically involve Collins.

Not surprisingly, Kentucky was beaten 17-13 by a Tennessee team that was ordinary by Tennessee's standards. A crowd of 56,000 turned out on a crisp day in Lexington to see the Wildcats finish with a 2-8-1 record, Curci's worst and

continues

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the first time in five seasons that Kentucky had failed to win a Southeastern Conference game.

Sitting briefly with a game official beforehand, Curci said he had to make "the toughest decision of my life." What was that? the official asked. "Whether to play Sonny Collins," Curci said. When Collins entered the game beginning in the second period, he was "nothing like the Collins I saw earlier in the season," the official said later. "He ran like he was carrying the capitol building."

During the game, the official said, there was more than the customary cross-current of muttered oaths and banter by Kentucky players along the line of scrimmage, the sharp-edged talk often borne of frustration and pent-up emotion. "They acted like they wanted to strike out at something," he said. "It was a job keeping them from doing it." In the Kentucky dressing room afterward, Curci pointed an accusing finger at a group of interviewers, singling out Phil Foster, and said, "There's the damn guy who started the whole thing."

That, of course, was a serious oversimplification. A kidnapping started the whole thing. And a murder. And a sequence of events uncanny in their juxtaposition followed. None of them would have taken root, it must be pointed out, had there not been ground ready to receive them—ground that exists almost anywhere big-time college football is played today.

Last week the University of Kentucky was progressing briskly with the investigation of its football program, and looking hard not so much for criminals as for answers. Perhaps it can clear the air once and for all around an embattled young coach, a shaken team and a star player.

What will Kentucky find upon self-examination? Probably not a lot more than any school would find today by turning its eyes inward. It will find that not every student chooses his friends off the church or social register. That not every student spends his Saturday nights at the malt shop, or thinks gambling is a sin or sex an activity only for the marriage bed. That not every student smokes only tobacco.

And when it is over, the investigation will probably show that college football is as vulnerable to rumor today as it ever was. Whether there is a basis for the rumor or not.

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The masked rider at right isn't really
going to stick up the lift line.
She's muffled in a new neck-and-nose
warmer that typifies a trend
to sensibility and comfort in skiing.

As the array of gear on
the following pages will show,
manufacturers haven't
forgotten such
other items as
fingers
and toes

facing up to the cold facts

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROSMARIE BOGNER







A sampling of the season's new gear includes Comfort Products Lunar gloves (far left). Solid-state circuitry heats them at the flick of a switch; they produce 25 two-minute bursts of warmth per ski-day and are re-charged overnight. Nordica's green Meteor boot features interior heel springs to soften shocks, and Olin's blue T 1 model offers dial-in adjust-



ments for comfort and forward lean. The new touch in Bogner's red suit is total stretch in both the lining and nylon outer layer; the suit zips apart at the waistline. Skimer's one-piece white nylon jump suit is fully insulated; the vest, currently a hot item with skiers, is for extra-cold days. Another lunar look comes with Nordica's indoor-outdoor after-ski boots; the shells pop on for traction. The spring-activated Ski Stopper is one of 15 versions of ski-brakes now making the rounds; it swings down to halt runaway skis after a binding-buster fell and replaces old safety straps.



The new ski season features warmth and things that work. In addition to the gear shown on the preceding pages, manufacturers are introducing such items as the yellow slicker suit at left, this one, CB Sports claims, is so warm that all you need to wear under it is a turtleneck and pants or long johns. The U.S. Alpine team has ordered a supply for training in the rain. Applying much the same theory used for the heated glove shown earlier, Hanson is offering its Exhibition Hot Boot with rechargeable energy cells implanted in the soles. The cells deliver up to 25 hot shots before you need to plug in your boots overnight, and there are small red lights up front on each boot, apparently for no other reason than cold gamesmanship; when they glow, they alert everyone else that your heat's on.

An industry survey shows that all ski boots are about 35" softer in forward flex this year, the better to save your shinbones, and many lines offer improved insulation and heel cushioning. The most controversial boot is sure to be Nordica's interior-sprung model that may or may not provide the ultimate in shock absorbers. After years of cutting down on ski length, the majority of U.S. buyers seem to have settled on 170 to 190 centimeters. But a report from ex-Olympian Rip McManus, now a marketing consultant with Olin, cites a trend toward slightly longer skis, especially in the powdery

A man wearing a red ski suit and goggles is shown from the chest up. He is wearing a large, ornate ski key necklace. The background is a stylized graphic with red and white diagonal stripes.

Unplug my boots and set me free

West. As ever, the output of skis is an exercise in overkill, so many makes and models are now being offered that buyers still tend to be confused. If that were not bad enough, McManus points out that even the same size skis by standard measure aren't the same size by brand; some builders apply the rule when the ski is laid out, others take the measure after the tip has been curved. Elsewhere in the sport, the chief advance in ski togs is in new stretch insulation material under the already-stretchy nylon, enabling designers to combine the comfort of a bulky warmup suit with the sleek, poured-on look of racing gear. Finally, in the line of things that work, the Ski-Key shown in the inset above is an all-in-one tool. It buckles and unbuckles boots with a flick of the wrist; the screwdriver-type end is for adjusting bindings, the other end can be used as a snow scraper and, maybe most important of all, as a bottle opener. Inventor Peter Shields is turning over all proceeds from its sales this year to the U.S. Alpine team's Olympic fund.

—JULY CAMPBELL

The novice hunter finds that the greatest obstacle to success is not his ancient shotgun but the contradictions of his own thoughts

by MASON SMITH

A PREY OF FLEETING INTIMACY

You take one of these things, pluck it, cut off the head, feet and wings. You split its back, open it up, take out the innards except for the heart. Turn it over, salt and pepper, and sprinkle on the poultry seasoning, broil it just 10 minutes and eat it. Mmmm? It is truly a delight, white meat on the little legs and dark meat on the breast that tastes something like venison, steak and liver combined. Delicious, but there's about as much meat on a woodcock as there is on the heel of your thumb.

Nevertheless, I know a man who becomes almost glib with ridicule of the multitudes who prefer to tramp through the vast Adirondack forests after whitetail deer when they could actually have something happen once in a while in the woodcock covers. He called me on the very eve of the deer-hunting season this fall and asked me if I was going to be ridiculous all this season or did I want to join him.

I told my friend that I hunt, yeah, but for food. I said I wanted Cleveland Amory to have his littlest argument with me. Amory said on CBS a short while ago that there wasn't any excuse for hunters, period, but he had his least argument with those who hunted self-reliantly and only for what they needed or wanted to eat. Granted, I hunt because I like to and, possibly, even because of the prehistoric savage in me, but actually I talk a better hunt than I make, and when I do kill something I'd like it to have some h.f.t. to it. I might feel foolish burning up a 25¢ shotgun shell to get a nickel's worth of liver.

Besides which, all I had was my grandfather's old Model 17 Remington, a pump-action 20-gauge with a long barrel and full choke. The safety button is on the wrong side, so I have to carry the gun upside down for my trigger finger to push the safety off. Then, when I turn the gun right side up and insert my finger inside the trigger guard, usually the fat second joint of my finger will secretly push the safety back on while I aim. I said, "I haven't shot up a box of shotgun shells in my whole life together. Haven't had the gun in my hands in two years. Right now it is at my brother's and he is at a funeral, so I would have to go over to his house and jimmy open a window and steal it, and possibly get attacked by his dog in the deal."

continued

ILLUSTRATION BY NATE SPITZBERGER





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But I wanted to go on this woodcock hunt. What made me want very much to go was the dog. I believe in having the tools you need for whatever life-style, craft or passion you possess. I believe in getting right out and spending on those things, having the equipment at whatever cost. That is why I have never owned a bird dog. But my friend has Brittany Spaniels. I had never in my life hunted upland game birds, or anything else, with a dog.

I'd never hunted woodcock at all, only grouse. Without a dog, hunting grouse had always been for me an exercise in self-satire. When a grouse goes up, it is like somebody letting go a window shade next to your head when you're taking a nap. You have less time to react properly than in any other form of hunting I know. Accordingly, most people around where I live hunt grouse from cars, driving the gravel roads slowly at the time of day when the birds are likely to be putting some abrasives in their crops. When they hear or see a bird, they get out of the car, leaving it running, and shoot the grouse on the ground or in a tree, right where it stands. Under those conditions the grouse will wait for the pattern to emerge, as it were. But for shooting them on the wing, I always thought it would be terrific to know right where one of those window shades was a little in advance. Like having a dog tell you.

In the process of self-varietically scuffling around after window shades I have, naturally, flushed a woodcock occasionally. They migrate through here in the early part of the grouse season, moving at night, seldom observed en route. They favor the thickest growth of young alders, poplars and gray birches. Flushed, they simply elevate upward to the top of this cover until they get flying room, their wings producing a special whistling, whirring sound. You notice their big dark eyes, their long, very slender bills. They remind you of sandpipers, even of hummingbirds a little, because of their downward-curved beaks. They usually don't jump until you are right beside them, and for all the high-frequency whistling of their wings their elevation is leisurely compared to a grouse's. Bill is a fanatical grouse hunter, but he can hunt grouse through January and he likes to devote several days to the woodcock during their migration.

We are still on the phone. "Myself," Bill says, "I'm a man of action. At least

I like some action. I'll kill a deer when I'm out of venison, but I'm strictly a pot-hunter as far as deer go. When I want to enjoy a day of hunting I hunt woodcock or grouse. I get 20 times the action. Heck, 50 times the action. Besides, those woodcock taste awfully good. If they taste like liver it's because people cook them too much. If they're done, it's too much. Are you coming with me or are you going to spend all day in the woods and tramp 15 miles and never see anything to shoot at at all? Except other hunters? Don't get me wrong. I'm grateful that every one of those darn fools is a darn fool. The less they wake up to what they're missing the better. I'll be putting out traps on the river till 10. It's opening day on muskrats, too. If you're not here at 10:30 I won't wait. G'bye."

I bought a box of 9s. It was so long since anybody bought shells with such small shot as that backwoods store that they only cost \$2.55 for a box, just a bit more than 10s each.

Wet ground, old pastures gone to alders on remote Depression-busted farms, with sad old spread-out linear stone piles running through them. Hunting woodcock is marching right through such country all day long, deliberately avoiding the clear. The dog has a bell like a small cowbell on his leather collar. He gets out of sight frequently but you can always hear the bell. If it stops, he might be on point. You call his name, and if the bell starts ringing again you know he was "just looking." When he's really on to something he doesn't move a hair. All the rest of the time his little stub of a tail never stops wagging.

Bill speaks English to the dog. I didn't know dog men did that. I thought they had a code of whistles and arm signals. "Bad dog. Why'd you go right by that one? Get back here. Hunt close, dabble me you." The dog's behavior borders on disobedience, but he finds birds all over the place. It is much too warm. It threatens to rain. The country is delightfully good-for-nothing.

The dog points. Bill shouts, "Bird!" I am getting the safety off and raising my weapon and the bird is hovering to its cruising altitude, and about the time Bill gets to the letter "d" of his announcement his Winchester goes *block!* unresonantly and the scintillating flier becomes a mashed-up bag, dropping earthward without forward motion.

"What happened to you?" Bill asks. "I wanted about as long as I could, and then I thought, well, I better shoot. Hunt dead, boy, hunt dead."

I didn't want to say I was waiting for the bird to get farther away, because that isn't quite true, but really the *zero* *zero*, in this form of hunting, is at first pretty freaky. You want a short-barreled gun with an improved cylinder over a modified one, so the pattern fans out quickly, and tiny shot like 9s, because you put up woodcock from almost underfoot. Then you pull a switch that makes a noise that de-alives them instantly when they are no farther away than a basketball hoop is from a sixth-grader underneath. Intimate.

Not at all easy, however. There is a lot of missing even on the part of my guide and teacher, who is as far beyond being a deliberate, conscious shooter as I am short of it. For one thing, the dog misses some of the birds, which flush without warning, same as with no dog. Or the dog accidentally flushes birds too far ahead. Or there isn't time. Or there isn't a clear view. Or the direction of the bird's flight is completely unexpected and difficult. Before we get rained out this first afternoon, Bill has four woodcock and a grouse and I have missed three shots and failed to get off several others, sometimes because of that wrong-handed safety and sometimes because I thought, and worse, thought negative thoughts, about the shots and the range and the general prospects of filling one of those little featherballs full of lead.

The following morning was clear and colder. I needed a second act to my initiation to woodcock hunting and sad yes again. One part had been accomplished, I thought. The safety was getting pushed off and the gun up and the shot fired, sometimes. There remained to imprint this procedure with a few more repetitions, and then, possibly, give attention to aiming. I was already going rather too fast in spiritual terms and was as embarrassed internally about that as I was externally, vis-à-vis Bill, for learning so slowly. Spiritually, I should not even have had shells in the gun. But Bill was beginning to say things like, "I thought sure you would have gotten *that* one," and "You will never get an easier shot than *that* one." I didn't think he would understand the way I was trying to allow myself to learn *purposelessly*. I did not think he would even like me if I told



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WOODCOCK continues

him how little I cared to kill the woodcock, or how little angry with myself I was for each miss.

How could I be angry? For one thing, I didn't have any idea, when I missed, what I had missed. And thinking about it, concentrating, gnitting my teeth, making threatening resolutions to myself, did not seem proper to such a sport. I have never believed in hurrying my education, as a wing shot or a lover or anything else. All I wanted of this second day was a sense of form.

I parked at the edge of a lake and waited. He was late again, taking 12 muskrat from his traps. I listened to some taped conversations with the late Evelyn Waugh on CBC radio in my truck. Waugh said the only thing that had improved in his lifetime was penmanship. He must not have been corresponding with the same people I was.

Bill brought his family. We drove much further this time, not out of the mountains into the flatlands but along one of the wide remote valleys within the range to a few well-separated, unprofitable but apparently unalarmed old farmsteads well back up from the river-following road.

I couldn't pull the trigger on my first opportunity, a grouse. The dog had pointed it under the balsams along a split-rail fence. It flushed straight ahead and low, but my finger slid the safety back on going into the trigger guard. Missed my second, too, an easy going-away shot at a woodcock that held under the dog's point until we practically kicked it. In short, I seemed to have backslid, if that was possible. Third chance: a bird lying tightly in some balsams. A miserable place to shoot, no room, no time, Bill and I approaching one another on either side of the dense cover. The bird, a woodcock, suddenly whirled up, not climbing to the treetops as usual but obliquely slanting away on the rise. I didn't do anything consciously but the bird was blown away, accelerated, by my shot, and tumbled ahead into the alders and leaves. The dog fetched it and brought it to Bill.

But the moment was spoiled, worse than spoiled. This time Bill said, "Do you see where you're shooting?" I shouldn't have shot at all. Out of sight beyond the balsams he had moved further ahead than I since I last heard his voice, and when I shot he was only about 30 degrees to the side. "That's too close, much too close," he said, I agreed.

continued

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For a while I felt that this was simply too difficult. We hunted on, but I was just going through the paces with my mouth shut. We seemed too much, too many hunters for the old overgrown hillside, too much flying lead for these three-teaspoon dinners.

The bell interfered with the dog's knees, and it had begun to chip the fluff off them, down to the red. Still, he ran or trotted indefatigably all day while we marched up the once-tidy pastures, three abreast, pivoted, marched across, pivoted, marched down.

I was still looking for form, still having trouble with the gun and missing the easy shot. We hunted one large hillside farm, above the homestead, where a Polish veteran of wars and POW camps now kept Shetlands, beef, dairy cattle, ducks, geese, pigeons, chickens and goats; not many of each. And, apparently, daughters, one of whom appeared on top of the hill above and came down to us all quilled up in scarlet, saying she'd been "lookin' around." She had a big deer rifle with her.

From anywhere except the thickest covers we could see the widest, loveliest mountain-rimmed valley, a view 75 miles long and 50 deep, the evergreens and occasional poplars on the hillside were the only trees left with leaves, greens and golds brilliant among the ruddy grays of bare twigs and leaf-covered ground. The dog pointed probably a dozen birds. We jumped as many others, yet came back down to the farm again with only two woodcock. Nobody shot too well.

On the second of these woodcock we killed, after Bill's wife missed with her quack first shot, we all let loose following shots together and I felt a change inside. The bird was at long range, going away to my left, I believe that I followed it, led it, had the proper spirit toward it, and until I realized that Bill and Ginny had both shot too, I supposed that I had killed it. Nobody else mentioned this possibility, but I privately entertained it. Reiteration was going to make my shooting deadly, no doubt at some much later date, for which I saw no reason to hurry. But I wished to experience such vacant efficiency again, just once before the end of the day.

We drove again, to a third cover, as the sun was sinking into clouds along the mountain horizon and giving a cast of apricot to the world. Darkness and storm are the only things that will drive Bill

away from a hunt. Ginny and Craig, Bill's son, went to the car to wait for us. We had 15 minutes until sunset.

The woodcock were in this place. The dog pointed and flushed and Bill filled his limit of five and started filling out more. Now and again I produced that almost unconscious quick sequence of moves that culminates in a shot or two shots that, once finished, seem to have occurred on their own—the birds flying on none the worse for my Zen practice. One time again, Bill and I shot simultaneously and the bird fell and (reasonably, I admit) my friend did not seem to imagine that I might have helped.

And then, on the way back to the car, it happened, the thing that gave a modern sort of ending to a day of intense, absorbing mindlessness, a better day certainly than one would have been likely to experience among the slews of people hunting the scarce whitetail deer.

We are walking in the dimming light through clumped gray birches, easy, fairly open going, with the dog running circle out in front and left and right, his little cowbell tinkling incessantly, when one of those clattering window shades of a ruffled grouse blows out ahead of Bill, invisible to me.

Bill shoots, his reflexes astonishingly quick. But then, above the trees, the partridge appears unhurt, ripping along the treetops with authority, crossing leftward and away. Before I know it I have done the practiced things, my gun has loudly conveyed my own silent bid. The bird stops flying and planes up sideways, gliding for about a half-second. Then it levels and resumes its flight. Bill's second barrel reports, without visible effect on the bird. The range perhaps is too great. I think we have lost it.

But when it reaches the top of another clump of trees beyond a mossy opening, it just goes all disorderly in midair, and drops through the birch twigs to the ground. The dog brings it to Bill, quite dead. Bill, with supreme dubiosity, says, "We'll tell them that you got this one."

I didn't protest at the equivocation. It struck me as quite fitting. Going home into the sunset and then along the darkened valley, we met streams of headlights: deer hunters finished for the day. Bill was delighted to see so many. "Keep right at it, you darn fools," he said. "I'm fairly sure they will. I'll be out there with them once the snow flies, probably. END

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IN THE WAKE OF THE DOLPHINS



TAMPA BAY'S BILL MARCUM MUST CONTENTO WITH MIAMI

A television football season that does not take us regularly to Florida is as hard to imagine as an Annette Funicello Film Festival without bikinis or beach balls. What would the Christmas season be, for example, without Anita Bryant singing the national anthem from all those Orange, Gator and Tangerine-Citrus Bowls? And can't we trace many of today's sporting types back to Miami in the early '60s, when the networks and the NFL conspired to give us the Playoff Bowl, that meaningless postseason game in which two second-place teams delivered third-rate efforts to bemused viewers who kept mumbling to themselves, "Why am I watching this?"

While the playing fields of Florida have been the sites of some strange games, telecasts in the state have been the cause of some even more unusual events. Seven years ago fans across the country watched both Super Bowl III from Miami—the one in which the Jets defeated Baltimore XVI—VII—and some peculiar local crowd reaction. Instead of cheering for the Jets—a team representing the AFL, of which the hometown Dolphins were also members—people in the Orange Bowl were rooting fiercely for the Colts. The explanation was that television had shown almost all Baltimore games in Florida for years, and many fans there had yet to switch their allegiance from the Colts to the pre-Shula Miami team. But once Flo-

ridians lined up behind the Dolphins, they did so with a vengeance. It was a Miami lawyer, Ellis Rubin, who first challenged the NFL's TV blackout policy. He wanted to make it possible for Dolphin fans, including himself, to watch their team's sold-out home games—which at the time meant virtually all of them.

The NFL has announced that next year it would add two new franchises, Seattle and Tampa Bay. (The new Florida team is named after a body of water instead of

a city to encourage people to drop in from other municipalities on the bay, such as St. Petersburg and Clearwater.) Both Seattle and Tampa Bay seem fully capable of supporting a team but, because of a peculiar television situation, the latter may have problems initially. Ever since the Dolphins opened shop in 1966, their games have been televised to most areas of the state, including Tampa Bay. When Miami became a pro football city, Tampa Bay made up the 34th largest television market in the country. Today it is 17th, outranking Kansas City, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Denver, San Diego and New Orleans. But a major difference between Tampa Bay and the franchises in those other markets is that none of them has to compete against a team as successful and as visible as the Dolphins.

The entrance fee into the NFL usually includes a few seasons at the bottom of the standings. Only four expansion teams have won as many as three games in their first season, while five new clubs have managed one victory—or none at all. Although the league will make better players available in this expansion draft than in the previous ones, no Terry McCallis or O.J.s will be asked to move to Seattle or Tampa Bay. That means the people in the Tampa Bay area who suffered through the slow development of the Dolphins only a decade ago now face the same prospect once more. How


many of them will be willing to do it again?

Perhaps not many, especially since they are going to have the alternative of watching most of Miami's games on TV. The Tampa area currently is an open market, which means the networks can televise Dolphin games into Buccaneer country. For TV purposes, the Dolphins are considered a "four o'clock team." Weather, Miami's highly successful record and wide national interest in the Dolphins prompted television to schedule six of Miami's seven home games this year either as the second part of national Sunday afternoon doubleheaders or as Monday night games. If this continues into next season—and it probably will—some Miami games will be on TV in the Tampa Bay area at the same time the Buccaneers are playing. On those occasions, several of the 72,000 seats in Tampa Stadium are going to be empty. Even if the Buccaneers games start early enough for fans to return home in time for a 4 p.m. Dolphin kickoff, a lot of people may find the TV game excuse enough to stay away from the stadium. And the Buccaneers will not be helped by the fact that during the next two years Miami plays Baltimore, New England and Buffalo—three of football's more interesting young teams—twice each and also has Pittsburgh, Los Angeles, Minnesota, Cincinnati, Houston, Dallas and St. Louis on its schedule.

Bill Marcum, the 41-year-old director of marketing and public relations for the Buccaneers, is well aware of the problem, but he also has promoted 14 pro football games in the area and feels that Tampa Bay will become a successful franchise. "We have about two million potential fans to draw from," he says. "We did very well over the years with our exhibition games, averaging 42,000. So far we have sold more than 19,000 season tickets, and we still have about two more weeks to wait for all the answers to the first mailing we sent out."

Marcum's enthusiasm notwithstanding, the Tampa Bay-Miami situation could turn into a major headache for Pete Rozelle, since it is the commissioner's office and the networks that work out the NFL's schedules. Ultimately, they may have more control over the Buccaneers' prospects than the local promoters will.

END



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Some 550 drinkers in 20 major cities across the country were asked to compare gin, vodka and white rum. And they compared them straight, so no other tastes could muddle their judgment.

Only 24.2% preferred gin. Vodka did better with 34.4%. But white rum came out on top with 41.4%. When asked why they preferred white rum most of the respondents spoke of "taste" and "smoothness."

You probably have the makings on hand.

Chances are you already have everything you need to make a white



Vodka martini

rum martini. Take a look.

Take an even closer look at your

bottle of white rum. Notice the bottom of the label. The odds are five to one that it says "Puerto Rican Rum." That's because 83% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.

Enough statistics. Now it's time to enjoy a white rum martini. Make it the way you make an ordinary martini. Serve up or on the rocks and you're ready to go.



White rum martini

Smoothness is critical.

Every sip of your white rum martini whispers smoothness. It's what distinguishes it so beautifully from other martinis. But don't stop with one. Have a white rum martini every night for a week.

Then see how rough it is when you try going back to martinis made with gin or vodka.

Of course, if you never take the first sip, you can't begin to know. And that would be a pity.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS

A COMMITMENT TO THE ART OF MIXING





Centenary's Parish is a star who has not played an official game

Invisible in the post

"O.K. If that's how you want it, here's six years' probation," said the NCAA. And it began giving Centenary the silent treatment by excluding it from the weekly statistical summaries, the annual press guide and, of course, all postseason tournaments.

That's the grim part. Now the ironic part. The same week Centenary went on probation the NCAA revoked the 1.6 Rule. All five players, theoretically, then qualified for intercollegiate sports. No, said the NCAA, rules are rules, even if they aren't rules any more. Several months later the five players sued the NCAA in hopes of regaining their eligibility, but lost.

Only slightly daunted, Centenary, which has 700 students—easily the smallest enrollment among schools participating in major college competition—won 65 of its 81 games during Parish's first three years, including 25 of 29 last season. In those 81 games, Parish averaged 20.6 points and 16.5 rebounds. During the 1974-75 season he led the Invisible League in rebounds with 447, the NCAA's major college leader in that department. Furman's Clyde Mayes, had a mere 394. Parish also led the United States' team to a gold medal in this fall's Pan-American Games, even though, as an indirect result of his difficulties with the NCAA, he had not been recommended for a spot on the squad. His school paid his fare to Salt Lake City so he could try out. Once Parish made the U.S. team, he was unanimously elected captain.

All along, Parish has been turning down a lucrative escape route from anonymity—the pros. Professional scouts are certain he has the physical ability, but they cannot figure out whether his decision to remain at Centenary is a praiseworthy display of loyalty or an indication that he is ill-advised. Had he transferred to another school, the NCAA would have allowed him eligibility and he would have become one of the best-known college players.

"I didn't transfer because Centenary did nothing wrong," Parish says. "And I have no regrets. None."

Since Centenary's schedule includes no highly ranked opponents—most big-name schools are understandably reluctant to face the embarrassment of losing to a team that does not exist—Parish is not often challenged. So there is lingering doubt about how he would fare against stiffer competition. Says one pro scout, "The jury is still out as to whether Parish can win games for a pro team. He can definitely play in the pros and he's going to get a lot of money, but that doesn't mean he's going to be another Abdul-Jabbar."

Parish looked a little like Kareem in Centenary's season opener last week in Mobile against South Alabama, the

continued

Try to tell basketball fans at Centenary College in Shreveport, La. that Houdini was the world's greatest magician and they will snort in disbelief. They are convinced it's someone called N.C. Doubley, who can make giants vanish before your eyes. In one performance that has had the Centenary campus buzzing for three years, ol' N.C.A.A., as he's familiarly known, slipped a few good-sized forwards up a sleeve, then—poof!—made a 7'1" center disappear and, for a finale, erased an entire college with one sweep of a bureaucratic magic wand.

As a result, Centenary's towering Robert Parish is a cinch for the Invisible Man of the Year Award, David McCallum notwithstanding. That is, if anyone can ever find Parish. He is one of the three or four best centers in the country, but don't bother to bring up his name to the NCAA. The response would be a terse "Who?"

Three years ago the NCAA had something called the 1.6 Prediction Rule, which qualified freshmen for athletics on the basis of a formula involving their high school grades and standardized test scores. Parish took a test that did not fit the formula, and Centenary converted his score to an equivalent that did fit, as it had with 12 other athletes in the previous two years. But that was a violation of regulations, a fact which the NCAA either had not bothered to tell Centenary about in the cases preceding Parish's or had not noticed, since none of the other athletes attracted the attention that Parish did. Shortly before Parish matriculated, the NCAA informed Centenary, a Methodist school, that he would be ineligible, but that the college's sins would be forgiven if it would lift the scholarships of the five players whose test scores had been converted. In essence, the NCAA was telling Centenary to obey the rules followed by its other member schools.

"But the rule doesn't say the scores can't be converted," argued Centenary.

"But it doesn't say they can't," replied the NCAA.

"We refuse to renege on the scholarships," said Centenary.

country's highest-scoring major college team last year with 92.8 points per game. In an 82-68 victory he scored 22 points, grabbed 19 rebounds and blocked four shots. Centenary diligently sent the statistics to the NCAA, as it has after every game the last three seasons. But no one seems to know whether or not the figures are recorded. If Parish plays as well as expected this season, it may be that the No. 1 pro draft choice next spring will be a man who never played a college game. Just ask N. C. Doublesay.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDWEST

Patience paid off for Texas Tech when it faced favored Kansas State at home. Slowly but surely the Raiders found chunks in the Wildcat zone, then calmly worked the ball inside to Rick Bullock, who poured in 32 points as Tech pulled off the week's biggest upset 66-58. The Raiders outrebounded the Wildcats 33-29 and held K-State's rapid-fire guards, Mike Evans and Chuckie Williams, to a total of 33 points.

Louisville's task in Memphis State seemed easier when Tiger star Dexter Reed was suspended indefinitely on the eve of the game after getting into a shouting-shoving match with Coach Wayne Yates. But State got 26 points from Bill Cook, zone-pressed the Cardinals into 26 turnovers and was behind by only a point with 1:33 to go. Then the Tigers threw the ball away three times, Phil Bond scored two breakaway layups and Louisville came out ahead 79-74. Foal trouble limited the Cards' Wesley Cox to 11 minutes of playing time, but his replacement, freshman Larry Williams, compensated by grabbing 14 rebounds.

Cincinnati, too, had to get along without a regular, leading rebounder Mike Jones, who had a hamstring pull. He was hardly missed against Cleveland State, as Center Rob Miller and Guard Steve Collier scored all their 42 points on field goals, Miller putting in 11 of 13 and Collier 10 of 16 as the Bearcats romped 98-65.

After his players missed 13 of 29 foul shots against Colorado, New Mexico Coach Norm Ellenberger said, "Instead of practicing free throws tomorrow I'm having their throats massaged. We just choked." Nevertheless, the Lobos put the noose around the Buffaloes' necks for a 78-75 victory.

1. CINCINNATI (1-0) 2. LOUISVILLE (1-0)

EAST It was tune-up time for most of the top teams as they toyed with soft-touch opponents. Although outclassed by Maryland, East Carolina had upset ambitions, and with 8:30 left in the first half trailed only 28-24. This did not please Terrapin Coach Lefly Orselle, who disabbed his heralded three-guard offense so he could bring in both his new big men 6'10" Larry Gibson and 6'8" Lawrence Boston. With those two sweeping the boards, the Terps got their fast break going and poured to a 64-41 halftime lead. When it was all over, Maryland was on top 127-84, Boston finishing with 17 rebounds and Gibson with 14. John Lucas had 24 points and Steve Sheppard, who sank 12 of 14 field-goal attempts, 28. "I see an opponent getting down and I jump on him," Sheppard said. "As soon as I see that fear in their face, my eyes light up. I saw that tonight. If a team is weak, we should take advantage of it because there are going to be times when we can't score, can't rebound, can't do anything."

Howard University got 30 points from Ellsworth Hart as it tried to surprise North Carolina. But Phil Ford set a Tar Heel record with 14 assists, Mitch Kupchak and Tom LaGarde combined for 44 points, and Carolina prevailed 115-75.

Austin Peay trapped Syracuse 93-83 in the opening round of the IPTAY Invitational at Clemson, S.C. Sammy Drummer had 25 points and Otis Howard 23 for the Governors. Clemson, with Tree Rollins stretching his limbs to pull in 22 rebounds, took its first-round game from Harvard 78-64. In the finale, the Governors squeaked past Clemson 87-81 in overtime with Guard Charlie Fishback scoring 27 points.

Other winners were St. John's and Massachusetts, the host teams at the Joe Lapchick Memorial and the Hall of Fame tournaments, respectively. The Redmen stopped Colgate 74-51 and Manhattan 79-72; the Minutemen defeated Ohio U. 95-82 and Niagara 92-81.

Princeton put down Oregan 67-48, and Providence knocked off Stonehill 102-76 and Brown 71-51.

1. MARYLAND (1-0) 2. NO. CAROLINA (1-0)

MIDEAST

In the first minute of the Louisiana Classic title game with California a flying elbow knocked LSU Guard Kenny Higgs cold. Higgs quickly revived and got in a few kicks himself, especially when he triggered a 62-second spurge that resulted in nine points for the Tigers. Higgs hit a corner shot, turned a steal into another basket, picked off an in-bounds pass and fed it to On Newman for a three-point play and wrapped up the streak with a 20-footer of his own. Higgs finished with 30 points and the Tigers controlled the boards 22-43 as LSU surprised Cal 85-68.

Higgs had 21 points in an opening-round 109-73 defeat of CCNY, while Cal had to rally to overhaul Loyola of Chicago 93-75. Leading the offense for the Golden Bears was freshman Guard Gene Ransom, who tossed in a total of 39 points.

Ernie Grunfeld pumped in 28 points and Mike Jackson 23, and Bernard King had 16 points and 23 rebounds as Tennessee defeated Biscayne 81-63. But another Southeastern Conference power, Georgia, was upended by Georgia Tech 59-57.

Butler upset the Big Ten's Ohio State 70-67 as Wayne Burris scored four points in the final 27 seconds. Purdue needed a second-half rally to get past Xavier 81-64. Bookmaker Tom Scheffer, a preball fanatic who hones his game at an off-campus emporium called Pete's Palace, hit up the scoreboard with 17 points.

Notre Dame led Kent State only 38-33 at halftime but pulled away for a 90-61 triumph. Adrian Dantley contributed 25 points for the Irish.

1. INDIANA (1-0) 2. MARQUETTE (0-0)

WEST

"That guy with the goatee impressed me more than the tall kid," said UC-Santa Barbara Coach Ralph Berkeley after a 98-66 loss to San Francisco. Bearded freshman James Hardy had 16 points and 10 rebounds. The "tall kid" was seven-foot Bill Cartwright, another of the Dons' talented freshmen. Cartwright had 15 points and eight rebounds but admitted, "I wasn't aggressive. I should have gone to the offensive boards more." San Francisco then stopped UC-Davis 90-70, though Cartwright scored just six points and Hardy only nine.

Arizona's frontcourt combination of Bob Elliott and Al Fleming shot down Oregon State 96-67. Elliott had 23 points and 11 rebounds, and Fleming 17 and 14. At Nevada-Las Vegas the next night, State used its fast break to pull in front 22-10. That caused Rebel Coach Jerry Tarkanian, who always chews a towel during games, to do some furious mauling. Then the Rebels shut off the Beavers' running game, outrebounded them 64-36 and won 96-85. Guard Rocky Smith canned 17 of 23 shots in a losing cause.

Texas-El Paso Coach Don Haskins was worried that his star, Center Gary Brewster, might have trouble with his back, which he injured last summer while water-skiing. Brewster put Haskins' mind at ease with 19 points in a 68-57 win over Houston Baptist and with 11-for-13 shooting in a 75-54 defeat of Midwestern State.

Southern Cal disposed of Loyola of Los Angeles 94-77, and Washington downed Seattle 72-66.

1. UCLA (2-1) 2. SAN FRANCISCO (2-0)

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Butterfingers, yes, but wine and roses, too

UCLA won a Rose Bowl trip and Coach Dick Vermell a taste of vintage red via a game with USC that nearly slipped from the Bruins' shaky paws

The week of the UCLA-USC football game is a time for pranks, which is probably a healthy thing because otherwise the crosstown hatred would make the Los Angeles atmosphere more poisonous than it is, with malice coating the cars and tennis courts like ashes from the recent Tujunga fire. There was the time some USC culprits released a squad of cardinal-and-gold-painted mice in the crowded UCLA library. And once some Bruins kidnapped the late George Tirebiter, USC's mongrel mascot, and shaved "UCLA" into his fur. Another time USC students hijacked a UCLA delivery truck the day before the big game and substituted copies of a parody *Daily Bruin* for the originals. That same year UCLA students hired a helicopter and tried to dump manure on USC's Trojan warrior statue—and missed by several blocks.

But the week leading up to last Friday night's 45th renewal of the rivalry was relatively quiet, the only prank of note being USC's attempt to cut attendance at a Bruin pep rally by distributing a phony postponement notice on UCLA stationery. Perhaps sophomore spirits were dampened by the fact that the game was to be the last in the Coliseum for USC's John McKay, as a college coach. Perhaps UCLA schemers were too busy worrying about their team going to the Rose Bowl—if UCLA lost or tied, Cal would get the bid. Ah, but tradition held up after all. Some sly devil waited until the game itself and, apparently, managed to spread something resembling Vaseline on the football just about every time UCLA had possession.

In a ghastly giveaway show before 80,927 people in the stands and a national television audience, UCLA fumbled 11 times, tying the conference record for butterfingers, one game, and lost eight of those fumbles, breaking the conference record in that category. The errors almost overshadowed the other statistics, specifically that UCLA, led by its fine option quarterback, John Seiarra, managed to hang on to the football long enough to gain 414 yards against one of the nation's toughest defenses and win the game 25-22.

"That's the hard way," said UCLA's second-year coach, Dick Vermell.

"If we fumbled the ball 11 times and still won," said Seiarra, "we must be the best team."

And as the best team, UCLA will represent the Pacific Eight in the 62nd Rose

Bowl on New Year's Day against Ohio State. Since UCLA lost to Ohio State 41-20 earlier this season, lost to Washington, was tied by Air Force and nearly gave the game away to USC, it seems likely that Woody Hayes' undefeated Buckeyes will be better than two-touchdown favorites. Even if the Rose Bowl officials allow guaranteed nonskid stickum on the football.

(The Cal Bears, who matched UCLA's 6-1 league record but were beaten by the Bruins rather convincingly, will sit home over the holidays twiddling their thumbs. They will not be consoled by the fact that they ended up as perhaps the most symmetrical offensive power in NCAA annals, with 2,522 yards gained rushing, 2,522 gained passing.)

Let us now follow the bouncing ball in more detail.

The Bruins started slowly, fumbling only once in the first quarter. USC led 7-0 after taking the kickoff and marching 71 yards. On UCLA's fifth play from scrimmage Halfback Wendell Tyler fumbled. USC recovered, went nowhere and missed a 35-yard field-goal attempt.

The offenses then functioned smoothly for a while. UCLA, which had not been stopped by anybody all season, scored three touchdowns on drives of 80 yards or more. Tyler sprinting 57 yards for the second. USC added its second TD via the running and passing of Quarterback Vince Evans.

Leading 18-14 in the second quarter, UCLA kept possession when Seiarra's fumble was knocked out of bounds. On the next play USC pounced on Tyler's second fumble of the half at the UCLA 28. Continuing the pattern, USC failed

continued



OUTGOING USC COACH MCKAY HUGS VERMELL IN THE GAME'S EMOTIONAL AFTERMATH

to convert its good fortune into a touchdown, mainly because Bruin Linebacker Dale Curry threw Evans for a 12-yard loss on second down.

In the third quarter the show really got rollicking. Tyler suffered his third fumble, but USC Fullback Mosti Tatupu fumbled it right back on the next play, and UCLA went ahead 25-14 on a Scurra-to-Dot Pederson pass.

In another series of slippery downs a few moments later, Scurra recovered his own fumble and only lost a yard. Halfback Jim Brown's bobble was recovered by a teammate and, finally, on the USC three, Halfback Eddie Ayers' fumble was grabbed by USC.

USC drove to the Bruin 10 after intercepting a Scurra pass but lost the ball on downs, whereupon Ayers handed the ball right back to the Trojans. Given another chance, USC scored (Tailback Ricky Bell's second touchdown of the chilly night) and made a two-point conversion (Bell again, and easily, on a plunge) to trail by only 25-22.

After five fumbles in one quarter, one would have thought UCLA might have sewn handles on the ball, but no. Tyler fumbled away a pincushion on his 23, but the UCLA defense, criticized and rightly so for much of the season, held off USC again, helped by Evans' inaccurate passing.

On their next possession the Bruins were forced to try a punt, from their 42, but Kicker Brett White fumbled the ball and USC got it at the UCLA 18. Three incomplete passes and a 15-yard penalty stopped USC.

On its next possession, having given up on Tyler, UCLA had Kenny Lee in his spot. Lee earned twice before he fumbled the ball away. Number 11. With a bit more than a minute left on the clock, Evans could not even get USC close enough for a field-goal try.

"Thank the Lord for the defense," said Tyler afterward. "I don't know why I fumbled so much tonight except that I was trying so hard. I was running before I had control of the ball."

"I've been waiting for this moment," crowed Guard Cliff Frazier. "Now I can say it. Our defense is great! We showed the nation, we showed John McKay and all those people who ridiculed us that we can play defense."

Praise of the defensive unit floated all over the UCLA locker room, from Scurra, who huddled with rival Coach

McKay for a few minutes, to the 39-year-old Vermeil, the handsome head man who started out 16 years ago as an assistant high school coach in Northern California, not far from his native Napa Valley wine country.

"Our offensive team's been winning for us all year," he said, "and in the last game of the year our defense rose up and did it."

Just a few days earlier he had been praising McKay and shaking his head in wonder at having a team compete for a Rose Bowl bid for the second straight year. Now he was being asked what he planned to do to celebrate his biggest Bruin victory. "I'm going to find my wife," he said, "and go home and open a bottle of 1971 Cabernet Sauvignon from the Napa Valley."

For USC the frustrations were numerous. The Trojans set a record of sorts, losing a fourth straight league game for the first time since they entered the Pacific Coast Conference back in 1922. It was only the second time the Trojan seniors had lost a game in the Coliseum.

Bell, the nation's leading rusher, who had been averaging 173.9 yards a game, needed only 143 yards to break Ed Marinaro's NCAA single-season rushing record. He got 137 to finish with 1,875 yards, six short of the mark. But Bell is just a junior and will be back next year along with Fullback Tatupu, Wide Receiver Randy Simmin, Defensive Tackle Gary Jeer and Offensive Tackle Marvin Powell to play for new Coach John Robinson. And there is still the Liberty Bowl in Memphis on Dec. 22 against either Texas A&M or Arkansas. That will be McKay's collegiate swan song.

Unfortunately for McKay, whose USC teams won four national championships in his 16-year reign and went to the Rose Bowl eight times, winning five, his departure from the university to coach the new pro franchise in Tampa was horribly botched. After the announcement that he was going to Tampa, USC went from a 7-0 record to 7-4 and a San Jose State psychologist told the L.A. Times that the Trojan players were losing games because they had lost their father image.

Stopping UCLA's Rose Bowl bid might have eased some of the disappointment, but it did not happen and McKay was gracious in defeat. He hugged Vermeil and talked of his USC days as "the happiest of my life. I'm sorry it ended

on a note of defeat, but in between my first defeat and my last one there were a lot of victories. As I told the kids, there was an article in the paper that the lack of a father image got 'em down. I told 'em I'd be very proud to be the father of any of 'em. They played extremely well for me, as have all the other people. They have developed John McKay and put him where he is and I'm most appreciative of that."

But, finally, McKay could not resist taking the cigar out of his mouth and putting his tongue in his cheek.

"I'm going into the sunset and taking the seniors with me," he said.

Although Arizona State has been beating a lot of opponents for years (67 wins in its last 76 games), its schedule has led to more than a few remarks concerning whether State really belongs among the big boys. Come Dec. 26, an answer will be forthcoming when ASU (11-0) plays powerful Nebraska (10-1) in its hometown Fiesta Bowl at Tempe. State's participation (this is its fifth bowl in six years) was made possible by a 24-21 defeat of Arizona, which gave the Sun Devils the championship of the Western Athletic Conference.

Eighth-ranked State was led by sophomore Quarterback Dennis Sproul, who threw to John Jefferson for two touchdowns and in the fourth quarter went over himself for the winning score. In the wake of State's unbeaten season, rumors are circulating anew that Frank Kush, who has been coaching at the school for 18 years, may be leaving.

In Philadelphia, Navy routed Army 30-6 in the game that once was a capital event but has long since gone into sad decline. Nevertheless, there was considerable joy among Navy partisans over the Midweek's first winning season (7-4) since 1967. But the crowd of 81,576 was the smallest in 37 years. The only real excitement came in the last quarter when the possibility arose that Army would manage to score against Navy for the first time since 1972. The Cadets did, but required four plays to move the ball two yards, Quarterback Leamon Hall diving in for the TD.

Navy started off with a 27-yard field goal by Larry Muczynski. Then rugged Bob Jackson, who was to rush for a total of 133 yards, scored from the two, Bob DeStafney lumbered 42 yards after scooping up an Army kick blocked by

continued

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

Jeff Hoobier, and Muczynski added another field goal to put the Middies ahead 20-0 at halftime. In the second half Army allowed yet another Muczynski field goal and another Jackson touchdown.

In Birmingham, Bear Bryant said yes sir, he sure did wish that Auburn had played somebody other than his Crimson Tide so that rival coach Ralph (Shug) Jordan could have gone out a winner. As it was, Alabama ripped Auburn 28-0, an unhappy end to Jordan's 25 years as head coach. Bryant tried to help by saying his team played one of its best games ever. The victory, Bama's 10th straight after its opening loss to Missouri, was engineered by Quarterback Richard Todd, who ran for two touchdowns and passed for two others.

At the half, with Alabama ahead only 7-0, Jordan had hopes. "I thought then it would be a stomp-down good game," he said. No luck, which sums up Jordan's frustrating last-season record of 3-6-2. His lifetime mark, 175-83-7, is considerable consolation.

In another SEC intrastate showdown, Georgia mauled Georgia Tech 42-26 after building a 42-0 advantage before the end of the third quarter. "This team," said Coach Vince Dooly, "has earned the right to walk in the company of champions." Georgia finished at 9-2 and will play in the Cotton Bowl; Tech will spend the winter changing its bandages.

Georgia's star among many was Safetyman Bobby Thompson, who intercepted a pass on the first play of the game and ran it to the Tech 12. Bingo, 7-0. Later in the first quarter Thompson caught Tech's Bucky Shamburger from behind with a fine tackle after a 68-yard burst.

Gator Bowl-bound Florida struggled to victory No. 9—a regular-season high for the school—by beating Miami 15-11 on a 63-yard punt return by Henry Davis with 3:48 to play. Vanderbilt upset Tennessee 17-14, defeating its cross-state rival for the first time since 1964. Rutgers beat Syracuse for the first time ever, 21-10, in the 10th meeting of a sporadic series dating back to 1914. Houston upset Tulsa 42-30. And when Baylor beat injury-riddled Rice 25-7, losing Coach Al Conover gloomed, "We didn't have enough to play and the ones who did play didn't play very hard." Hawaii upset a good San Jose State squad 30-20. It was Hawaii's sixth victory in eight home games.

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The cross-country season is the time when distance runners everywhere quit going around in ovals and take to the hills. All fall, while the stadiums and the fans belong to football, out in the parks and on the golf courses thin young men in shorts run four-, five- and six-mile races on nature's all-weather surfaces—grass and mud and rocks—school against school, club against club.

Last week, with winter closing in, cross-country competition reached its peak of intensity and quality with the national championships, first the NCAA's at Penn State and, on Sunday, the AAU's in Annapolis.

The six-mile course for the NCAA championship was laid out on Penn State's 36-hole golf course by Track Coach Harry Groves. It was wide and well marked, with major hills at 2.2, 4 and 5.2 miles and no tight turns to slow the pace. The feeling among the coaches killing time in the lobby of the Nuttany Lion Inn was that the course was a fair balance of hills and flats, unlike last year's at Indiana University, where the advantage went to the hill climbers.

"I have watched every NCAA championship since 1956," said Groves, "and the only fair course was the one at Kansas in 1965 and '66. This is my masterpiece."

"It's a great cross-country course," said Gary Wiercke, the Illinois coach. "Deceptive. People think it's going to be easy because it appears gently rolling and downhill overall. But a good share of the footing is difficult. There is little fairway and a lot of rough, and much of it is on a sidehill slant. It will require a lot of concentration."

"It's fair. Not hilly enough for the Easterners and too hilly for some of the others," said Penn Coach Jim Tuppeny. "And this is perfect distance running weather—cool and dry. For 26 years the NCAA was at Michigan State, where it snowed every fourth year."

"I wish we'd have a blizzard tonight and that it would sleet all day tomorrow," said 1974 champion Nick Rose the day before the race. Rose is a good-natured 23-year-old native of Bristol, England, who is on a track scholarship at Western Kentucky, where his shoulder-length blond curls, tiny gold earring and overalls draw as much attention as his running.



CRAG VIRGIN (NO. 264) WON THE BATTLE OF THE FINAL HILL AT PENN STATE

Two painful fall romps

Runners who prefer to go round and round, on the flat and over sure footing, need not apply here

Rose is a cross-country runner in the European tradition, and the rugged Indiana course had been a homecoming. "It was muddy, hilly, demanding," he said happily. "Conditions I like. A cross-country race should be tough, not just a track race on grass." Rose had upset the favorite, Washington State's Kenyan star John Ngeno, and set a course record. But five days later Ngeno had avenged himself by winning the AAU's over a less hilly 10,000-meter course in Belmont, Calif.

Again this year, Ngeno was a co-favorite for the individual title, along with his teammate and fellow Kenyan Joshua Kimeto. Rose and that rarity among top-rank collegiate distance runners these days, a U.S.-born competitor, Craig Virgin of Illinois, a junior who has set course records in all but one of his seven races this season. Before this year's success, Virgin had suffered a two-year

siege of injury and illness, but his competitive instincts remained unimpaired.

Wilson Waigwa, the University of Texas at El Paso's sub-four-minute miler from Kenya, would also have been highly rated at Penn State, but a thigh injury suffered at the Western Athletic Conference meet two weeks ago kept him away. His UTEP team, however, led by fellow Kenyans James Munyala and Frank Munene, was thought to be strong enough, even without its No. 1 man, to make a strong run at Washington State for the team title.

The starting line at Penn State was 125 yards wide, crossing two fairways. By the 11 a.m. starting time sunshine and 40° temperatures had softened the frozen ground. At the gun, 276 runners pounded up a slight grade, intent on grabbing and trying to hold the best possible position before the course narrowed. At 880 yards, Rose and Ngeno were in the front rank, along with Dave Merrick of Penn, the IC4A champion. Ngeno said that his mistake last year had been starting easy; he did not intend to do it again.

Just short of the one-mile mark the course narrowed to 30 feet or so, squeezed between a line of trees on the right and a bunker to the left. First out of this funnel came Rose, then Ngeno, then Merrick, followed by Bingham Young's Paul Cummings. The time for the mile was 4:35. By two miles, where

continued

the course dipped and crossed a gravel road, Ngeno had dropped back to sixth. Rose and Merrick still led the pack, but now running right behind them came Virgin, Kimeto and Penn State's George Malley. Going up the first hill, which rose 45 feet over its quarter-mile length, Merrick fell victim to a side stitch, and the order was Rose, Virgin, Kimeto and Ngeno as the four leaders opened the first break on the pack.

Coming up to the four-mile point, marked by the start of another hill, this one half a mile long and rising steadily from the lowest to the highest point on the golf course, Rose and Virgin had gained a lead of 20 yards over the Washington State Kenyans. Here Rose, the hill specialist, made his first big move, an effort to shake off Virgin. But Virgin would not be shaken, and the pair disappeared behind a clump of trees at the top of the hill. When they reappeared it was Virgin who had a slight lead. Ngeno was still third, and Kimeto was falling back. The rest of the field, strung out over half a mile, moved along behind like an undulating multicolored ribbon.

Virgin and Rose continued to battle through the next mile, scratching inches from one another. On the flat leading to the last hill, with three-quarters of a mile to go, Rose lengthened his stride. Virgin's strategy until this point had been defensive. Now, at the final hill, he made a move of his own. The two tore into the rise and, at its top, Virgin had Rose beaten by a step.

"I turned it on and immediately I felt him begin to go," said Virgin later. "Last year I went to pieces with half a mile left. Everybody and his mother passed me and I went from fourth to 12th."

This time it was Rose's turn to fade; he crossed the finish line 15.5 seconds behind Virgin's 28:23.3.

Ngeno held on to third, but teammate Kimeto finished 14th. Almost overlooked in the excitement of the leaders' duel was a two-mile-long battle for fourth among some seven runners, finally won at the wire by Oregon's Terry Williams, who came in 4 seconds ahead of Paul Stemmer of Penn State.

UTEP took the team title (determined by adding the finishing positions of a squad's five top-placed runners) with 88 points to Washington State's 92. That contest, too, had been decided on the steep final hill.

Virgin passed up the AAU six days later, as did all the first four finishers. Ordinarily the AAU fields enough distance stars to make it the more glamorous of the two championships. This year, however, Frank Shorter, the Olympic Marathon champion who has won the AAU title four times, was snowed in in Taos, N. Mex. and Tony Waldrop, the indoor mile record holder now billed as a runner for the Philadelphia Pioneer Club, failed to show.

Marty Liquori, once again looking pale and young after shaving off his beard and mustache, was in the field, running for the New York Athletic Club, as usual, but Liquori is not noted for his prowess in cross-country and was not one of the favorites. After finishing 10th, Liquori said that his favorite cross-country course would be "smooth as a track and flat as a pancake."

The course that the Naval Academy's cross-country coach, Al Castello, had laid out over the Eisenhower Golf Course just outside Annapolis was anything but that: 10,000 meters—six miles, 376-plus yards—of rolling hills and difficult footing, with three narrow bridges that had

to be crossed six times. The enormous field of 360 starters poured some 800 yards down a fairway, across an earthen dam and into the first of four loops. At a mile and a quarter the eventual leaders were already sifting their way through the mob. Greg Fredericks was in the lead, and John Gregorio of the Colorado Track Club was third. Fredericks had broken Shorter's American record for 10,000 meters when he was running for Penn State in 1972, and according to his college coach, "Greg was the only one who ever got a smell of Steve Prefontaine."

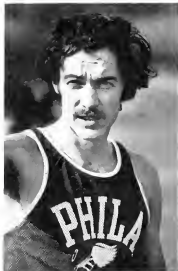
By three miles, Don Kardong, the Stanford alumnus who ran a 12:57.6-minute 3 miles last year and Garry Bjorklund of the Colorado Track Club, who ran the 10,000 at the Pan-Am Games in mid-October were first and second, respectively, while Fredericks was a tight fifth. Kardong and Bjorklund had lost their way for a short time early in the race, but had made up the lost ground, Kardong with a time for three miles of 13:56.

Between four and five miles the leaders broke away: Gary Tuttle of the Beverly Hills Striders, Bjorklund, Fredericks, Glen Herold—who had begun moving up at about 3½—Kardong and Gregorio. Twenty yards back, Ted Castaneda of the Colorado TC was trying to make up ground, but catch-up in cross country is a difficult game and Castaneda finished a disappointing 11th.

Turning into the 150-yard stretch to the finish line, Gregorio had a slight lead on Fredericks, but not enough. Coming up the last small rise Fredericks jumped Gregorio. "I was just trying to maintain contact till I could make my one big move," he said minutes after he crossed the finish line, the winner by five feet after more than six miles. Behind him Bjorklund and Herold were sprinting for third, a contest that Bjorklund won by a nose. Kardong and Tuttle were fifth and sixth, and all were within four seconds of each other, a rare cross-country finish.

On the basis of the two-three finish of Gregorio and Bjorklund, the Colorado Track Club took the team title with 31 points; the New York AC was second.

And with that, fall was officially over for distance runners. In just a few weeks the indoor season begins. The footing will be good, the hills will be banked and runners will be going around in ovals again.



GREG FREDERICKS KICK TOOK THE AAU

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The shark huntress of Mooloolaba

Australia's Kim McKenzie dispatches a few hundred predators each year off the coast of Queensland but, alas, she was just another goofy-footer at Hawaii's world championships

When the selection committee for the seventh annual Smirnoff world invitational surfing championship in Hawaii discovered last summer that one of Australia's finest women surfers hunted sharks for a living, it left the members—well, if not breathless, panting. They had seen *Jaws*, too. An invitation went out forthwith to Kim McKenzie of Mooloolaba, Queensland to fold her shark nets, pull up her drum lines and head for the United States, preferably a few weeks ahead of the tournament. This early arrival was not intended to provide her practice time on November's big waves off Oahu's North Shore, but rather to give the sponsor a chance to show her the country. To show her to the country, to be truthful about it.

By the time McKenzie, a 24-year-old, streaky-haired blonde with flashing blue eyes, a smile as white as a shark's tooth and a body built for bikinis as well as boards, arrived in Honolulu, she had come a long way, baby. She had been interviewed, televised and richly fed at such establishments as Chasen's in Los Angeles and "21" in New York. "Better than the restaurants in Mooloolaba," she generously conceded. But all the fish

and furor had not turned her saucy head a quarter of an inch, nor had it impaired her fitness. She doesn't smoke or drink—not even vodka. "Never tasted the stuff," she said in her rich North Australian accent. "Wasn't brought up that way." She was brought up, as it happens, as one of four children of a Scottish shipwright, but not in the austere Presbyterian family one might imagine. "They're eye-theists," McKenzie said, roaring with laughter at the notion that her abstinence is the result of religious training.

Although she won the Australian women's championship in 1973-74 (she did not defend this year), McKenzie does not consider surfing a way of life. "You can't just surf and lie around," she says. "You've got to have a job." This heresy did not particularly endear her to Hawaii's North Shore surfing colony, some of whose members think surfing is the only way of life—at least as long as welfare and food stamps exist. "I only go surfing when the water's too rough to tend my nets and lines, or when I'm in competition," McKenzie continues. "There aren't many women surfers in Australia, you know. The men don't

want you muskin' up their waves." Neither do the North Shore surfers who grumbled last year when Smirnoff first invited women to enter the tournament.

McKenzie is neither a professional surfer nor a professional feminist like the expatriate Germaine Greer, who in 1972 declared Australia "hopeless." Nonetheless, she has done a lot to offend masculine sensibilities in her native land. For one thing, she has a contract from the government to protect some 60 miles of the Queensland coast north of Brisbane from shark attack. For another, she holds a master's license as skipper of her 23-foot, dual-engined boat, *Shark Cat*. Most galling of all, she employs a man, 21-year-old John Sutcliffe, as her "off-sider." An off-sider in Australia can be an aide, an assistant, a deckhand or a colleague, but he is not the boss. Kim McKenzie is.

"I started as my father's off-sider when he got the shark contract four years ago," Captain McKenzie says. "After a year he gave it up and I took over. We kill about 400 big sharks a year, most of them tigers or whalers but some white pointers." White pointer is the Australian name for the great white shark, the kind

continued



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that keeps rising up out of ads for the book, the movie and even for a course in speed-reading. "The biggest white pointer I ever got was 16'4," says McKenzie. "I got him on a drum line. He had another shark seven feet long inside him. One female shark we took had 68 unborn pups, all snapping and biting when we cut her open."

Captain McKenzie tends 27 drums, which drop vertical lines studded with hooks to a bottom anchor, and 19 nets, each one 600 feet long and 20 feet wide. All nets must be cleaned and hooks rebaited with mullet every three weeks. As part of her duties, she takes water temperatures where sharks have been caught, shoots the fish with a pole gun to make sure they're dead, then hauls them aboard and dissects them to report their stomach contents to the government (no human remains so far).

She sometimes saves trophy-size jaws for her own collection. For all this she earns about \$130 a week, several million less than Peter Benchley has made attacking whites with his typewriter.

Most of McKenzie's surfing is done off Noosa Heads, well beyond her own nets and drums. She doesn't worry about an attack there, and sharks were the least of her concerns on the day the Smirnoff opened at Sunset Beach, which has neither a protective reef nor a shark patrol. What bothered the captain was the direction of the waves. She had hoped the site would be the Banzai Pipeline, where the surf breaks from right to left off the point. At Sunset the waves always go the other way. "I'm not likely to make it here," she said. "I'm a goofy-footer, you know." There were other goofy-footers, but not many. As Lord Blears, the Smirnoff announcer, explained when the first one got up on a wave, "A rider is up—a goofy-footer. For those of you who are new to surfing, a goofy-footer is a surfer who puts his right foot forward, with his ankle to a left-right wave. Sorry, ankle is the way we say, uh, backside, in Hawaiian."

There were other reasons for McKenzie's lack of confidence. For its annual outing Smirnoff had assembled more than two dozen male champions from Australia, Brazil, Japan, Puerto Rico, New Zealand, Peru and South Africa as well as from Hawaii and the East and West Coasts of the U.S., and six other female champs. The surf itself was inconsistent and unpredictable, ranging from

eight to 12 feet, and by the time McKenzie's heat came up, the sets were piling on top of each other so frequently that Lord Blears cried, "Look at that—it's almost closing out the bay."

It didn't, quite, but McKenzie's first ride just about closed her out for the day. She was wiped out in a matter of seconds as two waves crunched together—the nightmare of all goofy-footers—and her careening board hit her in the head. "Haven't been hit so hard since my dad and I caught our first shark and tried to board him live," she said later. "Got me with his tail and knocked me clear out." The surfboard didn't do that much damage, but it was a long time before she felt up to trying again, and though she got a good, short ride on her second effort there wasn't time for a third. If she had managed one more she would have qualified for the semifinals. Her three male rivals in the heat weren't having much better luck in the confusion of the near closeout.

Even with her goofy-foot handicap, she might have done well in the semis. The surf dropped the next day and the finalists were chosen in waves of six to eight feet, a sorry contrast to 1974's roaring day at Waimea Bay when Reno Abellera rode a 30-footer to victory. But the day after that the tournament moved to Waimea, and to the considerable surprise of almost everybody, meteorologists included, the big rollers came again, not as big as last year but 15 to 20 feet, which is big enough for anybody.

It was a day on the wild—and the mild—side. Mild first. All through the contest a snorkeler bobbed around near the shore, oblivious to the surfers battling the waves. He was looking for puka shells. Next, wild. As the six finalists were paddling out, defending champion Abellera glanced back toward the beach just in time to see a monster wave snatch two imprudent and fully clad tourists off the sand and into Waimea's fierce rip. Abellera instantly reversed his board and saved two lives.

Director Fred Hemmings Jr. suspended the heat during the rescue. When it finally began, Reno promptly caught the first wave. But there weren't many more big moments for partisans of Hawaii surfers. Three Australians had reached the final, plus Abellera and Jeff Hakman of Hawaii and Shaun Tomson of South Africa. They all had plenty of motivation—first prize was \$5,000, second

\$2,000—but the Aussies had a little extra. They had been annoyed by the invitation to McKenzie—"No bloody business having women in the contest," one had muttered—and their pique had peaked when they discovered Smirnoff had paid her wave (because of the press tour) but not theirs. Any chance that this resentment might have died disappeared when they heard reports on her opinion of Australian males. Asked if she planned to marry, she had replied, "Not for about 30 years, I'd say—well, seriously, not till I'm 30 or so. Australian men have a little growing up to do." Grown up or not, the Aussies were out to get it all back for Crown, Commonwealth and the male sex.

They just about did it, too. Mark Richards, a beardless 18-year-old competing in Hawaii for the first time, won. Ian Cairns, the 1973 champion, was second and Wayne Bartholomew, another first-timer, was third. It was a bad day for Hawaii and the rest of the surfing world. Hakman came fourth; Abellera, the newly minted hero, fifth; and Tomson, who had been touted as 1975's best surfer, sixth and last. McKenzie, packed and ready for a hot summer of shark hunting, viewed the result philosophically. "I couldn't have beaten any of them," she said. "Not in those waves." Did she plan to continue surfing? "For a couple of years, maybe. Then I'm going to quit both surfing and sharking, get a little boat and muck about the Barrier Reef for a while. I'm building a house to rent and I'll sell a few fish. I'll be able to support myself."

One last question—had she read or seen *Jaws*? "Both," she said. "Didn't like the book, but the movie was exciting. You can't tyke either one seriously, though. Only kind of sharks that'd hang around like that are the ones that can't myke it in the open sea. Sydney Harbor's had some—they just mucked around and took a dog off the beach now and then, maybe a child sometimes. But like in *Jaws*? Naaw wye." If Kim McKenzie had been an editor at Doubleday, it is entirely likely that she would have turned down Benchley's manuscript. On the other hand, if the book had not been published and then made into the biggest box-office movie of all time, Smirnoff certainly would not have taken the captain to dinner at "21" and might not even have invited her to Hawaii. *Quid pro quo.*

END



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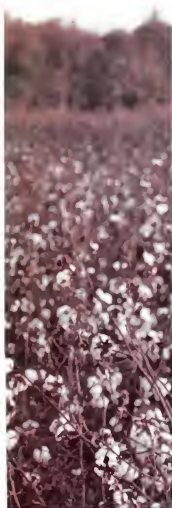
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"Pull over here," she says. There is a sign by the side of the road—MONEY, MISSISSIPPI. Across the highway, pointing down a dirt lane, is another sign—SWEET HOME PLANTATION. Up ahead on a sagging, unpainted, wood-frame building are the hand-lettered words GROCERY STORE. Farther on is a mobile home propped on cinder blocks, POST OFFICE. And finally, at the edge of Money, the tallest building, THE COTTON MILL.

A railroad track runs alongside the highway, and beyond are rows of green bushy plants flecked with white. A morning mist hovers over the plants. "I was born out there," she says, pointing out the car window toward the cotton fields. "On the plantation. We lived way down in the fields. Now they build the houses closer to the road, but in those days, before anyone had an automobile, they built them in the middle of the fields. My first memory is of my uncle leaving home. My mother stood in the yard and watched him walk through."

—CROSSMAN

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the fields. You could see the top of his head moving between the rows. When he reached the road and turned left, my mother said, 'Well, your uncle's leaving home.' He lives in Oakland now.

"I started chopping cotton when I was 10. We used a long hoe called 'the ignorant stick.' At five in the morning the plants were cold and wet and they soaked your clothes as you moved down the rows. It was a terrible kind of chill. But by late morning the sun would be hot. Lord, it was hot! You could see the heat waves shimmering behind you. 'Hurry up,' someone would shout. 'Hurry up, the monkey's coming!' And then others would pick up the shout, 'The monkey's coming, the monkey's coming!' Lord, those rows were long! You could chop for a whole week and never finish a row. I got paid \$2.50 a day for 12 hours. I never understood why my father made me chop until now. He wanted me to be independent, and it worked. I call him my father, but he was really my grandfather. I was born with red hair, gray-green eyes, and skin so pale you could see my veins. My real father looked at me and told my mother I was not his child. Three days later he took a boat across the Tallahatchie River from Race-track Plantation, picked me from my mother's arms and carried me 15 miles to my grandparents'. They raised me. I hold no animosity toward my father. It was just ignorance. Later on he realized that I was his child.

"We can go now."

It is nine in the morning and the temperature is 92° as the car heads south to Greenwood. Inside, however, the only sound is the hum of the air-conditioner. The road runs through fields of cotton. Occasionally, there is a shack alongside the highway.

"They painted sharecropper homes all one color, according to the plantation," she says. The ones along here are a faded red. "Plantation life was not bad, really. Every holiday there would be a picnic. They would dig a hole in the ground and start a fire, then throw a fence over the top and roast a pig on it. The owners supplied the food. Each plantation would have its own baseball team and the men would play against each other. If someone died on the plantation everyone would stock that person's house with chickens and greens and stuff, and if it was a woman who was left, they

would come and pick her crops for her. It was a warm relationship. The hardest adjustment to make when I moved to the city was learning I could not be friendly, that you did not sit down beside someone on a bus and talk.

"This was a dirt road when I was a child. There were always people walking up and down, usually couples holding hands. They walked from Money to Greenwood and back, a distance of over 20 miles. They were courting. Now that is heavy courting. Then people got automobiles and the Ku Klux Klan started riding again. Right over there is where Emmett Till was lynched. You remember Emmett Till, in the '50s? He was the 14-year-old black boy from Chicago who supposedly whistled at a white woman in a grocery store. That night they dragged him from his uncle's home, tortured and shot him and dumped his body in the Tallahatchie. I remember once my cousin came to visit, and she got off the bus at the wrong stop. It was already dark so she started to walk. Two white men drove by. They turned around and came back toward her. She knew what was going to happen so she ran into the cotton fields and lay down. They searched for her for hours but couldn't find her. She heard them thrashing up and down the rows. It was the most frightening experience in her life, she said. I imagine it was. I never had any experiences like that. I try not to put myself in that kind of position."

The car crosses the Tallahatchie River into Greenwood's city limits. A tree-lined esplanade divides the main thoroughfare, Grand Boulevard. On both sides are massive mansions, aging and untended. From the second-floor balcony of one hangs a Confederate flag.

"They raised me well," she says. "My grandparents, I mean. It was not the same as having parents, of course. They were not affectionate. I never remember any warmth, any feeling that they really cared, but I never wanted for necessities. And they were strict. Very strict. Why, they would not even let me receive company until I was 16. Whenever a boy called the house and asked to speak to Miss White, my mother—my grandmother—would answer the phone and say, 'I'm the only lady in this house who receives company, and I am sure you are not calling me because I am a married woman.' And they would hang up quick.

I appreciate that kind of thing now. It taught me self-respect. But then I just wanted to get out of the house. That was why I turned to sports. It was the only way I could stay out past five o'clock. And I was good at it, too.

"When I was in the fifth grade I played on the high school's varsity basketball team, and when I was 16 I was running track for Tennessee State. Sports was another kind of escape, too. As a child I was an outcast. Blacks were prejudiced against me because I was so light-complexioned. Parents would not let their kids play with me. They said horrible things about me. In school, whenever there was a play or a dance, the instructors would choose the black girls with wavy black hair, starched dresses and patent leather shoes. It did not matter that I could sing and dance better. I was too light and I had this funky red hair, and I was always running around in overalls with a dirty face and no shoes. The

only way I could get any recognition was through sports. Now those same parents want me to stop by their house to visit a spell whenever I return to Greenwood. I can't do it. I feel funny. I remember things. Lord, I had a miserable childhood. But I survived. Baby . . . I . . . have . . . survived."

The car passes over another river, the Yazoo, which is the color of mud. It smells of mud. It barely flows. A twig floats without moving. Greenwood (pop. 22,500) lies at the confluence of the Yazoo and Tallahatchie in the green heart of the Mississippi Delta. The city still bills itself as "The Cotton Capital of the World" and is building on the outskirts of town a replica of a pre-Civil War plantation. Downtown, the city's streets and sidewalks are littered with balls of cotton that have spilled out of trucks and warehouses. Although cotton is no longer the only crop harvested here (soybeans and rice are increasingly popular), it re-

continued



MELBOURNE, 1956. She sprang into prominence as a teen-ager, earning a silver medal in the first of her five Olympics

means a dominant force in the area, and the attitudes of the Old South endure.

The townspeople have retained the disquieting habit of narrowing their eyes at the sight of anyone, white or black, who is not a native. That narrowed glance, however, is less threatening than it once was—and still is in nearby Carroll County. Greenwood blacks have a saying, "It takes a certain kind of black to live in Carroll County." They do not drive through Carroll County unless absolutely necessary.

In Greenwood blacks cross the railroad tracks that divide the black and white communities in order to shop, and they can dine and dance without incident at the Ramada Inn out on U.S.82 and Park Avenue. Still, there are plenty of white-owned restaurants and bars where blacks do not venture. Greenwood may not be Carroll County, but neither is it the North, which is why it is so noteworthy that three years ago the city, not to mention the entire state, declared March 12, 1972, "Willye B. White Day" in honor of a 32-year-old black woman who had passed her youth on a nearby plantation pulling "the ignorant stick."

On that day the city was festooned with bannerns and bunting and larger-than-life photographs of Miss White. There was a motorcade. Miss White rode in a shiny Buick and waved to the townspeople lining the streets and shouting her name. The mayor gave a speech in which he claimed that the city of Greenwood was proud to have once been the home of Miss White. She was ushered into the town library, the same library for which her grandfather had once been the gardener and where she could never have gone years before. Inside, the walls were papered with her photograph.

Willye had warranted such an occasion because of her athletic achievements—she has been one of this country's premier competitors in track and field for 20 years. She first won notice in 1956, when as a 16-year-old she surprised the experts by winning a silver medal in the long jump at the Melbourne Olympics. Her mark of 19' 11 1/4" was bettered only by Elzbieta Kresinska of Poland. This would be her best Olympic showing, but she has made every Olympic team since, finishing 12th at Rome, 12th at Tokyo, 11th at Mexico City. At Munich she was eliminated in the qualifying round. In 1964 she won a silver medal at the To-

kio Games as a member of the 400-meter relay team. In that same year she broke Wilma Rudolph's indoor 60-yard-dash record of 6.8 seconds with a 6.7. It was not until she was 28 that she gave up sprinting. She won four medals in the 1959, 1963 and 1967 Pan-American Games, and has 17 national indoor and outdoor track titles to her credit. Her 17th and last U.S. title came in 1972 when she won the long jump with a leap of 20' 6 1/2".

She is jumping considerably further today, but so is the competition that she will be facing if she qualifies for her sixth Olympic Games. Last summer she jumped 22' 9 1/2", which, she thinks, is almost two feet longer than she will need to make the Montreal Olympic team, and is only 4 1/2 inches short of the women's world record. She feels she is one of the four best long jumpers in this country today (the others are Marsha Watson, Kathy McMillan and Sheron Walker).

In more candid moments Willye White will admit doubt that she can win medals anymore, that she hopes, rather, to inspire younger women to fulfill their talents. "The Olympics are not as much fun anymore," she says. "Now, society says if you don't win five or six gold medals, why bother to go? I go because I like to travel, and because I'm good competition for the younger girls, and because I still feel I am world-record material."

Willye's fame lies less with any single achievement, record or medal than it does with the longevity of her career. The mere fact of having competed all these years is overwhelming. Willye says of herself, "I am the grand old lady of track." On April 30, 1971, a story in *The New York Times* suggested that "women's track and field began with Willye B. White."

She has traveled around the world twice and has competed in scores of foreign countries. She has been better remembered as a goodwill ambassador to these countries than as a victorious athlete. In the People's Republic of China she was a favorite of both its athletes and citizens, and in Moscow she taught the male Russian athletes how to rock 'n' roll. She has dated an Italian nobleman, whom she almost married, and American movie actors like Bernie Casey, who was once a professional football star. Among her good

friends were some of the Israeli Olympians murdered in Munich. In 1966 she was cited for "fair play" by UNESCO and, along with other athletes, received her award in Paris amid much pomp and circumstance. The ceremony took place at UNESCO headquarters. A UNESCO official said, "Her poise and charm made her the star of the ceremony." She has been elected to the Black Hall of Fame in Las Vegas and currently serves on the President's Commission on Olympic Sports.

For the last 15 years Willye White has lived in an apartment on the South Side of Chicago instead of Greenwood. She holds a position as a health administrator with the city and trains twice daily. She leads the cosmopolitan yet subdued life of an attractive, independent bachelor woman. She says, "I can go anywhere, talk about anything. My whole personality has been affected by my travels. My travels have broadened me. When you're confined to one area you think the whole world is the same."

She is 35 years old now as she prepares for her sixth Olympics. She has the smooth skin of a younger woman. She has thick brows and a modest Afro hairdo. Her hair is a pale, translucent orange, which, when caught by the sunlight, dissolves into an orange halo. It is one of her most striking features, along with a wide mouth that breaks easily into a smile.

That smile is disarming: it obliterates defenses before they can be properly constructed. At times, it is a conscious weapon, and at other times it is merely a natural emanation from within. Concealed by the softness of that smile and her appearance (everything about her—skin, eyes, hair—is soft, pale, translucent) is a woman of resilient toughness, but not hardness. She takes a firm initiative in setting the tone of relationships with people of whom she is unsure. She has consciously cultivated this quality as a necessity for survival on her terms, but it is not a trait she finds particularly admirable. "When I first came to Chicago," she says, "I applied for a job. I was interviewed by a black man. I asked him if he had anything I might be able to do. He said, 'How about a job as a maid?' I told him that was not really what I was looking for. 'Then say what you want, girl!' he snapped. 'Don't give people that 'I'll take whatever you'll give me ap-

continued

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LONDON, 1961: she was running strong, springing to victory in the 100 in a U.S.-Britain meet.

proach." "He taught me a lot. Being black, I have to be on my toes, to state what I want in a positive way. Whites respect intelligence, authority. I do not like this approach, but society does not allow me to be any different. I would much rather have society make offers than for me to make demands."

Once she has set the tone for a relationship, she flashes that smile, and thereafter appears ingenuous and open. Hers is the kind of carder one first mistakes for confession, for the seeking of approval, but which one soon realizes is nothing more than the frankness of the self-assured.

Unlike many blacks, Willie White does not speak an elvish jargon. She uses no code words. Confronted by such jargon once, she said, "Excuse me, but could you please speak English?" She says of black lingo, "Maybe some people need that kind of thing for identity,

but I don't." She speaks perfectly enunciated formal English prose, the prose of an essay. It is not, however, too consciously stylized or devoid of modernisms. But she speaks like a woman from another time, a lady. These days the term "lady" is often used in derision, although once it was prized, as it still is in some places, particularly the South.

The woman Willie White has become is both vastly different from, and inexplicably similar to, the kind of woman she might have become had she never left Mississippi.

Miss Willie B., wearing cut-off jeans and a loose-fitting white blouse, sits on a straight-backed chair on the front porch of her grandparents' home and sips from a can of Tab. She had come to Greenwood thinking it might be for good. She was prepared to surrender her apartment

in Chicago, quit her job, abandon her ambition of competing in another Olympics, give up sports, give up her life-style in order to nurse back to health the 83-year-old grandfather who had raised her and who was dying in a small house on East Percy Street. She raises a hand to adjust the kerchief around her head. Her hair has been corn-rowed. She stares at the street and says, "Whenever I would talk to him I would say, 'Now Daddy, don't you die while I'm gone, you hear.' These old people, you know, they're like children. He had lost the will to live. I had to come back to give him the will. He had been in the hospital and had not moved for days. He had a 105° fever. I stayed up all night washing him with cold towels to bring down the fever. The next day he was sitting up, smiling, laughing with me."

She sips from the can, staring blankly at the street. There is only a dirt curb for a sidewalk. The houses are set close together and close to the road, some of them separated by pocket fences, and are alike—long, narrow, some unpainted, some sagging this way and that like the deserted barracks of an army. Their fronts are dominated by porches, often screened. Now, in the afternoon of a scorchingly hot day, almost every porch is occupied, mostly by older men and women with dark skin and steely white hair. They stare at the street as if expecting, at any moment, an event. A passing car. Children returning from school. A dump truck delivering dirt.

Parked in front of the house where Miss Willie B. sits are a late-model Buick and a Cadillac, both with California license plates. They belong to her uncles, the Buick to the uncle she had seen leave home when she was two years old and whom she'd seen only once since. He is sitting beside her on the porch. He is a husky man with a gold tooth. Hanging on the wall between them is a flyswatter. Inside the house there is the slapping of backless slippers against a linoleum floor. There is the sound of women's voices, hushed, and then the dialing of a telephone, and now a man's voice inquiring about a tombstone.


"He was a man's man," says Miss Willie B. "In the South, you know, when other blacks are talking to whites they have a habit of taking off their hats. They shuffle their feet a lot and look down or off to the side, but never at a white man's

Continued



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eyes. My father, now—my grandfather, I mean—he never took off his hat and he always looked white people in the eye. When I realized what he did—I was only a child—I began to practice it in front of a mirror. We didn't get along then. He was a stubborn man, but as I got older I realized how similar we were. When he got sick I started commuting between Chicago and Greenwood.

"I could live in Greenwood, you know. Yes I could. It is not the same as it was during the freedom marches. You don't fear personal injury anymore. And the other kind of thing I can handle. For example, when my grandfather passed I went to the doctor's office to find out the exact cause of death. The receptionist there was hostile. Finally, I said to her, 'Now listen, Miss, I think we have a misunderstanding here and we had best straighten it out.' We did.

"I would have come back to live here. I feel I am what I am today because of my grandparents. If I could give them some happiness by coming home, I was willing to do it. I have roots. It does not matter how far I have traveled and where I live. Sometimes I envy the younger athletes. They just take off anytime they want. They never worry about returning home. I would like to be like that sometimes, and then other times I am thankful I do have roots."

She flicks at a fly with her hand and her silver bracelets jingle. Her fingers are long and thin and adorned with sparkling rings, metals and precious stones of various hues. Her nails are frosted pink. Around her neck she wears assorted gold and silver chains and pendants.

"God has it all planned," she says. "He does not give you burdens you cannot bear. I was only home a few days when my grandfather passed. And then my brother came home and had a seizure right on the kitchen floor. He would have died, too, if it had not been for me. And I said, 'Oh Father! Oh Father! what have you in store for me next!' All I could think of was getting out on the track again and running and running and running and letting the tears come."

Ah . . . Willye . . . runs . . . leaps . . . hangs . . . lands in a spray of sand. She sits in the sand like a child, legs outstretched.

Behind her, Rosetta Brown, dark, plump, wearing slacks and a jersey, gets

down laboriously on all fours and begins to measure the jump with a tape.

Two blacks in their late teens watch from the cinder track that surrounds the football field and long-jump pit at Greenwood High School. Home of the Bulldogs. One of the youths is muscular, athlete-looking, the other is thin, knowing, wearing purple shades. The athlete-looking youth says, "I heard Miss Willye B. was back so I come to watch."

Willye takes off her track shoes and stands up. She is 5'4", 130 pounds. The muscles in the front of her thighs are so developed they partially obscure her kneecaps. Her stomach is flat. She is wearing a kerchief, a Pan-American Games T shirt that has been cut off just below the bust, exposing her navel, and tight-fitting track shorts. Her toenails are painted pink. The youth with the purple shades stares as she dusts the sand off her rump and the backs of her thighs. He says, "My main interest is Miss Willye B., too."

Whenever Willye works out, she is watched by boys. They follow her to the weight room, where she can squat upward of 380 pounds, then to the football field, where she sprints from goalpost to goalpost, her thick thighs writhing and her knees rising almost to her chin; then to the track where she takes each of the 10 hurdles with an effortless leap and a rhythmic crunch of her feet, and finally to the long-jump pit where she concludes her workout. After she leaves a segment of her workout, a few boys remain behind to imitate her just-completed feats. They try to heft the weights she had mastered, or leap the hurdles she had cleared, and when their feet get tangled and they tumble to the cinders they are jeered and hooted at by friends. They laugh at themselves, too, when they fall, because in their mimicry of Miss Willye B. there is no desire to equal or surpass her efforts. They are merely trying to show how inadequate they are by comparison.

Willye resumed training shortly after the death of her grandfather. Since she promised her grandmother, a gaunt woman with quivering hands, that she would not leave Greenwood until a tombstone had been arranged for, she is conducting her workouts at Greenwood High. She could never have used its facilities years ago. But the school has been integrated, and now as she works she can see on the practice field the Bulldogs' in-

tegrated football team going through its paces under the watchful eyes of black assistant coaches and a white head coach, heavy men. The head coach, dressed in shorts, is only too happy to make available the school's facilities for Miss Willye B. He seems to have little choice in the matter. Willye approaches him during a coaches' meeting and says, "Coach, I want to use the weight room now."

"Sure thing, Miss Willye."

Walking toward the weight room with the coach, Willye smiles and says with only a hint of a drawl, "Say, Coach, didn't you play at Mississippi College?"

The coach lowers his head and says, "Yes, I did, Miss Willye."

"I heard you were some kind of football player."

Watching from a distance, Rosetta Brown laughs. "That Red, she's something else. She gonna have him all over her in another minute."

Willye's workouts are conducted during the hottest part of the afternoon, and when she is in Greenwood, Rosetta, her childhood friend, always comes along. Rosetta sets up the hurdles on the track, spacing them just so at Willye's instruction, and then Rosetta rakes and hoes the sand in the long-jump pit as Willye prepares her jump. Finally, at Willye's urging, Rosetta may begin to train, too. Not for any international competition, but merely to lose weight. She begins to jog. While Willye loopes gracefully over the hurdles, Rosetta huffs and puffs around the field with tiny steps. Passing Willye, Rosetta calls out in a high voice, "Oh, Red! I'm gonna be a traffic stopper again!" and plops on. Willye smiles.

Their lives, once concentric, have long since branched off on different tangents. Willye pursued sports, traveled, became famous, while Rosetta remained at home, married, had five children, saw her husband leave, and took a job as supervisor in the cafeteria at Mississippi Valley State University. Once Willye invited her to Chicago, Rosetta stayed only a few days and returned to Greenwood. "I didn't like the city," she says.

"Rosetta has never traveled," says Willye. "I've experienced things in my life she would never see in her world. Whenever I get the chance I like her to share in some of those things. They are not big things, but they are experiences she can talk about for the rest of her life."

Although Willye's life may have been

continued

a succession of victories, Rosetta's has not been entirely devoid of them. She has raised her children, and has participated in civil-rights protests in Greenwood. "She was a freedom marcher," says Willye. "On one occasion she was attacked by police dogs."

"I look at Rosetta sometimes and think, that could have been me. Sports gave me an escape. My mother—my grandmother—was against my being in sports. But it kept me off the street. The time I spent at practice wore me out. If I needed 20 hours of sleep to compete successfully then I got it. And I learned early that to survive in sport I had to be a thinker. I was better organized than most girls

my age. I knew what was best for myself. That is one reason why I turned from sprinting to the long jump. It is very technical. It requires thinking, strategy, not just power. The other reason was that I saw for every 500 sprinters there were only two long jumpers. I played the odds. It was easier. Long-jumping is something I could do successfully when I became older. When I was younger I had the talent, the determination, the hard work—and no coaching. I have learned more in the last few years than I did in the previous 25. That is why I am still competing. But nothing is forever. I do not expect to jump forever.

"The hardest thing for me to do when

I quit will be to find some way to fill the hours between 4 and 7 p.m. Those are the workout hours. But I will be able to quit when the time comes. Some people say I am afraid, that time has passed me by and I am still hanging on. I see athletes I once competed with and they say, 'Willye, when you gonna quit? You're too old.' And I say, 'You are the same age as me, why did you quit?' And they say, 'Well, I got married and I had kids.' 'Well, I am not married,' I tell them, 'and I don't have kids and I am not 50 pounds overweight like you are.' I know my body and its capabilities. I am going to sacrifice this year so I can compete in my sixth Olympic Games and win a medal. It is my Last Hurrah. They say it cannot be done. That I am too old. But I love challenges. It will mean more to me now than ever just because society says I am too old. I have been old for a very long time."

When Willye completes her final workout before returning to Chicago, she walks over to the football coach to thank him for his kindness. The coach is standing among uniformed players. He is shouting instructions to the part of the squad that is scrimmaging. A few parents, all white, are standing on the sidelines. Willye, wearing shorts and her cut-off T shirt, slips between the players, is dwarfed by them and their grotesque shoulder pads. She taps the coach on the back. He whirls around and seeing her there smiles. She says something, shakes his hand firmly and gives him that dazzling smile. She slips out from between the players and walks toward the car. The eyes of everyone, players, coaches, parents, are on her. When she reaches the car, she says, "Personality, Baby. That is all I got."

The platinum blonde is still beautiful, standing there in the one-room Greenwood airport staring out the window at a runway partly covered with weeds. She taps a foot impatiently. She is wearing a pink chiffon dress and white spikes. Beneath the gauzy dress one can see the delicate face of a slip. Her hair is stiff and flipped in a style favored by Miss America beauty contestants. She has the bold, perfect features of a beauty queen, although they are much too heavily made up. Her face is orangey, her brows too sharply penciled, her lips too thickly smeared. She is the kind of woman who

continued



MEXICO CITY, 1968: she had improved her distance by leaps and bounds, but so had her Olympic rivals

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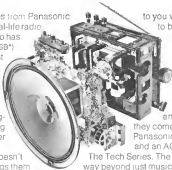
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It is eight in the morning and Willye White and her companion are the only other persons in the airport. Willye is sitting with her back to the window. "I am glad to be getting back to Chicago," she says. "I miss my boyfriend. He is a policeman. I do not date athletes anymore. It is a waste of time. Athletes expect you to idolize them and since I am an athlete, too, I do not think they are a big deal. All female athletes have the same problem. We are too independent for male athletes. And then there is the femininity thing. As an athlete you take on certain masculine qualities on the field. Off the field you have to be feminine. It is not a natural transition. You have to work very hard at it. There is a stigma attached to being a female athlete. If you wear your hair too short and you are always in jeans, the fellows say you are funny. That is why I like to wear short dresses and lots of makeup."

Willye no longer looks like the woman sitting on the porch of her grandparents' home. She is wearing a halter top

that bares her midriff. Her cheeks are dusted with makeup and her cheeks have a gloss. She has discarded her kerchief and fluffed her hair.

"A female athlete is always two different people," she continues. "A male athlete can be the same all the time. He doesn't have to defend his masculinity. On the track I walk very stilly but on the street I make sure that everything is moving."

There is the sound of a single-engine airplane. The blonde woman smooths the sides of her dress with her palms and walks outside toward the runway. She waits while the plane taxis up beside her. Its whirling propeller blows back her hair and flattens her dress against her body. The hatchway opens and stairs drop down. A man's hand grasps her hand and helps her inside. The door closes, the plane taxis onto the runway and is gone.

"There is nothing in this world like the Southern Belle," Willye says. "She has never worked, never done anything, and yet Miss Belle is a proud woman. That one, she was not a Greenwood girl. Maybe she was from Greenwood once, but

she has gone to the city. She has gotten herself a sponsor. When I was 16 I had a sponsor, a kindly old white man. When he died, he left me well. That is why I have been able to pursue my track career. This past week when word got out that Miss Willye B. might be returning to Greenwood I had three offers. A sponsor will bid for you, just like at an auction. If you are going to listen you better make sure that the house and the furniture and the car are in your name. You don't want to be sleeping some night and have him come and drive off with your Cadillac."

The door opens. An old black man, wearing a cowboy hat and carrying suitcases, enters. He is followed by his wife, his daughter and her two children. "Good morning," he says to Willye. "How are you this morning, Miss?"

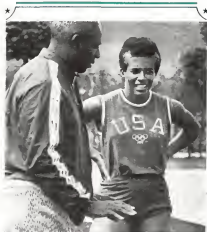
"Fine," says Willye. "Good morning to you, too." In quick succession, his wife, his daughter and her children, all say, "Good morning." Then they sit and wait. The daughter, who is dressed in a pants suit, sits back and crosses her legs. The children are big-eyed, silent. The old man and his wife are white-haired. They sit on the edge of their seats. The old woman is rocking, and the old man is hunched over, fingering the brim of his hat.

"They are so friendly in the South," says Willye. "In Chicago I always make sure I've got protection. Eventually, I will come back to Greenwood. I can see myself as an old lady living on East Percy Street. I will get up at five o'clock in the morning and go stand on the porch to watch for the garbage truck. Maybe I will go out to my garden and sprinkle dust on the beans and then go inside to prepare breakfast, lunch and dinner, all at the same time. Then I will go back outside to take care of everybody's business on the street. I will sit on a straight-backed chair on the porch and nod. My head will nod down to my chest until I am asleep. That is it. My life."

Her hands rest one on top of the other in her lap. She looks suddenly very slight, fragile. And then she begins to smile, that same dazzling smile, only somehow different, her mouth pulling down slightly into her jaw.

She is still smiling moments later when, in a flat, cold voice completely devoid of inflection, she says, "Life is a bitch, ain't it, Baby?"

END



MUNICH, 1972: "I have been old for a very long time," she says, and here she felt it, failing to make the finals.



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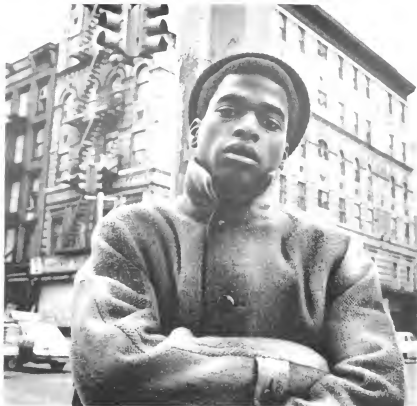
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Yesterday

by J. A. MARTINE GRAHAM

IN 50 YEARS PASSENGER PIGEONS WENT FROM BILLIONS TO A LONE BIRD, MARTHA

Martha was her name, and she lived to the age of 29, which is quite old for a pigeon. Martha had good reason for hanging on to life so long; she was the last of her kind.

Martha emerged from her egg in 1885 at the Cincinnati Zoo. She was kept there, not as a rarity but so that visitors who had seen passenger pigeons only in the sky or on their plates could admire her handsome plumage at close quarters. For most of her life Martha did not live alone; others of the same breed shared her cage, secure there from the guns, nets and other devices men used to kill millions of Martha's relatives each year—until there were no more of them.

There are numerous accounts of the extraordinary fun to be had with a gun at the expense of passenger pigeons. Their traveling habits were quite unpredictable, but when a flock passed through an area it yielded kills on a scale exceeding all but the most lavish of English pheasant battues.

At Woodstock, Ontario, about 1870, Dr. A. B. Wedford found himself well placed under the path of a huge flock of passenger pigeons. He started shooting early in the morning, using a double-barreled muzz-loader. By 10 a.m. he had run out of ammunition after killing more than 400 birds. The pigeons continued to stream low over a fence behind which the doctor was hiding, so he grabbed a long rail, held it aloft and found he could easily bring down more birds. The doctor was proud of his exploit, and since the supply of game seemed inexhaustible—the flight lasted for several days—he allowed his experiences to appear in *The Ibis*, a magazine for bird lovers.

The passenger pigeon was instantly recognizable, with its slate-blue head, gray back and wine-colored breast. It existed in greater abundance than any bird in the world's history. At its peak, during the 1860s, passenger pigeons were estimated to number between three and

nine billion. To put such figures in perspective, the population of the earth today is a mere four billion. At one time, as many as 40% of all American birds were passenger pigeons. No one alive today can conceive of the masses of birds that used to be seen from Ontario to the Carolinas. John James Audubon saw a flock in Kentucky in 1813 and calculated that it contained 1,115,136,000 birds. "The air was literally filled with Pigeons," he wrote. "The light of noonday was obscured as by an eclipse . . . and with a noise like thunder, they rushed into a compact mass."

Although most animals require space to survive, the passenger pigeon apparently thrived on crowded sium conditions. It was happy only when jammed into the smallest possible area with several million of its cousins. When a suitable section of forest was found for roosting, devastation set in. If branch space ran out, birds stood on bird to form pyramids a yard high; saplings bent over with the weight of their tenants; huge branches broke off because of overloading. The ground was covered with six inches of droppings.

The sport, food and feathers provided by the birds were ample recompense for the damage they did. Pigeon meat was firm and sweet, and the feathers provided stuffing for beds. A superstition held that no one ever died in a pigeon-feather bed—the chore of killing and plucking the 144 dozen birds needed to make a mattress was a small price to pay for everlasting life. Even the gizzards were valued, as a cure for gallstones, while powdered pigeon stomachs were considered invaluable against dysentery.

The passenger pigeon laid only one egg at a time, and both parents lavished attention on the lone offspring, stuffing it with beech mast and other delicacies. Within 14 days of hatching, the young pigeon was as big as an adult. At this stage it was abandoned, eventually to flutter to the ground. There it stayed for a week, learning to feed and fly.

During this time, predators moved in. A fat, flapping squab was the easiest prey for wolves, foxes, lynx, mink, hawks and man. Sometimes there was such a surplus of squabs on the ground that farmers turned their hogs out to eat the birds as they fell from their nests.

Pigeon harvesters worked on a bigger scale, scooping up squabs by the hundreds or netting adult birds by the thou-

sands for sale at a penny apiece. They would light sulphurous fires below trees to bring the birds down, and they felled the trees in which the birds nested. News of a flight or a nesting was flashed to professional pigeoners by telegram, and they would swarm to the site to earn thousands of dollars in a week. During a 40-day nesting in Van Buren County, Mich., three carloads of pigeons were shipped East every day, a total of about 11 million birds.

More profitable still was the capture of live pigeons to be dispatched to shooting matches, some of which needed as many as 20,000 birds. They would be released one at a time from traps to test the skill of the city dweller standing behind with his gun at the ready.

The captive Martha and her companions in the Cincinnati Zoo were lucky indeed to be safe from the passenger pigeons' many enemies. Ten years before Martha was hatched the species had been at its most numerous; by the end of the 1870s observers noted that large flocks seldom were seen anymore. Even at the time of Martha's emergence, commercial pigeoning had become barely profitable; 10 years later it had stopped completely. There were no big flocks, merely small, lonely bands. The sighting of a few dozen birds was big news by 1895.

Many states passed laws instituting closed seasons and forbidding shooting near roosts and nests. But the laws were too late. Through some quirk of pigeon physiology, the existence of the species depended on enormous numbers and thick crowds. Reduced to small flocks, the birds lacked the urge to breed. It was all over very quickly: in March 1900 a small boy in Ohio sighted his BB gun at an unfamiliar bird, squeezed the trigger and killed the last wild passenger pigeon known to exist.

By 1908 the total stock of a bird that 40 years before had greatly outnumbered the world's people included four captive males in Milwaukee and two males and one female—Martha—in Cincinnati. That winter all four Milwaukee birds died. In 1909 one of the Cincinnati males died; the following year so did the other. The zoo offered large sums of money for replacements, but none came.

For another four years Martha waited for a mate. Then, at 1 p.m. on Sept. 1, 1914, Martha died. For no other species are the time and place of extinction so precisely known.

END



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ON THE RUN

Sir:

Your article *A Dash into History*—for Nov. 24 certainly rang true. Our college teams are so packed with running backs there is hardly room for anybody else. But there is one back you left out. He is Robin Earl, a 6' 5", 250-pound fullback for the Washington Huskies. Robin, a converted tight end, averaged only 69.5 yards a game but he got them mostly on power because he played behind a young line. He is only a junior and has led the Huskies to victories over both UCLA and USC. Earl and Washington will be in the limelight next year.

PAUL FLEWNAKZ

Buckley, Wash.

Sir:

I read with interest Larry Keith's article on running backs but I feel that he left out an important one, Michigan's Gordon Bell. While only 5' 9", 178 pounds, he is very quick and is able to cut exceptionally well. He also has a 121.6-yard-per-game average, with a high of 210.

FRED REZLER

Bay City, Mich.

Sir:

How could Larry Keith fail to include West Virginia University's Arnie (King Arthur) Owens in his otherwise fine article on college running backs? Owens is WVU's all-time leading career rusher and he gained 959 yards this season (the missed most of two games because of a shoulder injury). His average of 6.9 yards per carry is outstanding. A tailback, Owens has helped to lead the Mountaineers to the Peach Bowl and will surely be drafted high by an NFL team.

JIM POTTER

Charleston, W. Va.

Sir:

It's ironic that when talking about Pitt's Tony Dorsett, one of the country's top running backs, you include a picture of him in action against Oklahoma. Dorsett, who before the Penn State game was averaging 141.9 yards a game and 7.1 per carry, could muster only 17 on 12 carries against the Sooner defense. I suspect Tony would rather have seen himself in action against Notre Dame.

BELL SWANICK JR.

Owasso, Okla.

Sir:

You forgot to mention that the all-time rushing record against a Notre Dame team

that Tony Dorsett broke with 303 yards was also held by Dorsett (209 yards in a 1973 loss to the Irish).

GARY KOTESKI

Pennsylvania Furnace, Pa.

HUDSON'S TIGERS

Sir:

Re Ware the Flag for Hudson High (Nov. 24), my hat is off to Douglas Looney for skillfully portraying the football mania of small-town America, to Sports Illustrated for reminding its readers that not all of the glamour and excitement of sport is found in the professional and college arenas and to Hudson, Mich. for a truly remarkable accomplishment.

RICHARD L. BALDWIN

Lubbock, Texas

Sir:

Hudson High's Jack Armstrong image proved no match for the Si juns. The nation's longest high school winning streak was shattered at 72 when Ishpeming defeated the Tigers 38-22 in the Michigan Class C state championship final.

BOB SCHMIDT

Westminster, Calif.

Sir:

As a former resident of Hudson, Mich., I share the pride that Coach Tom Saylor and his Tigers have given the town. The values he has taught his teams are priceless. Who cares if none of these boys make it in college football? High school athletics should be for everyone to enjoy, regardless of the win-loss record. Coach Saylor just happens to combine maximum participation with winning. More power to him.

CLAUDIA CREAMFON

Kalamazoo, Mich.

Sir:

Hang in there, Hudson High. If Bear Bryant loses one more bowl game, you may be his next choice as an opponent.

TERRY WOLTER

Denver

Sir:

Had he spent a little more time on it, Douglas Looney might have extended his foot-pool queue of town notables to include Poet Will Carleton (*O'er the Hill to the Poor House, Gone with a Handsewn Map*, etc.), whose plaque-marked home is a scant mile east on Main Street.

And in sports he might have considered

Hudson-born Clarke (Pinky) Pittenger, Red Sox, Cubs and Redfielder, 1921-1929, and Eugene (Born) Swaine, Browns University's All-Eastern halfback of the early 1920s.

LEWIS A. SPALDING

Hadlyme, Conn.

FROM THE MAYORS' OFFICE

Sir:

As the mayor of the city of Atlanta, I take exception to the completely unfair remarks made by Frank Deford in his article *Watch on the Ohio* in your Sept. 29 issue.

Not only is the statement concerning Cincinnati's becoming "another Atlanta" unfair and unrelated to the subject being discussed, but the allegations that follow certainly do not apply to our situation.

We are justifiably proud of the level of cooperation that exists here in Atlanta across all lines—economic, racial, social and political—and I am certain that Mr. Deford would find out why Atlanta is one of America's most successful cities if he took the time to visit.

MAYNARD JACKSON

Atlanta

Sir:

My congratulations on an excellent article about Don Vesco, one of our city's outstanding citizens (*Flirt Out on the Flirt*, Nov. 10). It is a very fine acknowledgment of Don's efforts in setting a world land-speed record for motorcycles.

As the mayor of the city of El Cajon, let me correct one small portion of your story. San Diego sits right on the ocean, and you indicated that the city of El Cajon was west of San Diego. This puts us at approximately 60 fathoms deep (glub, glub). We are about 15 miles east of downtown San Diego.

JAMES C. SNAPP

El Cajon, Calif.

MAYHEM (CONT.)

Sir:

My congratulations for having the courage and insight to expose the unconscionable prostitution of sport (*Wanted: No More Mayhem and Taking the Fan Out of a Game*, Nov. 17). Sport can be glorious, exhilarating and instructional to watch or participate in, but not when it becomes legalized violence or a means to work out a parent's frustrations. With all the excellent reasons for sport to exist we must not continue to tolerate its existence for these most appalling of reasons.

ERIC SCHULTZ

Cincinnati

Sir:

I must applaud Ray Kennedy's story on violence in hockey. Even Clarence Campbell said that fighting "disrupts the flow of play and is no attraction for the fan who understands the game." Hockey is a wonderful sport, but if it cannot clean its own house, the courts will have to intervene. A professional sports arena is no sanctuary for conduct in violation of criminal law.

STEVEN TREMAIN

Los Angeles

Sir:

I was having a backyard discussion during the Dave Forbes trial when a neighbor's 10-year-old, who had played some small-ty hockey, airily refuted all my arguments by announcing that fighting is "a part of the sport." Too bad I used to think that hockey was mostly teamwork, crisp passing and sharp shooting. It is sad that the kids are already brainwashed. Thanks to Ray Kennedy for restoring a little sanity.

CHRISTOPHER J. DUNFORD

Columbia, Md

Sir:

Hockey wouldn't be the same without violence. If the NHL ever seriously considered adopting any of the outrageous proposals made in the article, I would never watch another game.

THOMAS RUST

Northfield, N.J.

Sir:

Ray Kennedy's article made some valid points on the overabundance of violence that exists in hockey today. But why did you confuse the readers with your cover photo and the three accompanying pictures, every one of which shows at least one New York Ranger? Any knowledgeable fan knows that the Rangers simply do not stand for hockey violence. To see a Ranger hit hard, let alone fight, is a wonder.

BOB HEUSLER

Bridgeport, Conn

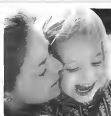
Sir:

I don't feel that it is fair to talk about hockey's modern-day bad guys without looking at the bad men of yesteryear: Sprague Cleghorn, Newy Lalonde and others. But why list them when King Clancy said it all about early hockey when he remarked about the Toronto Maple Leafs (1969 or 1970): "The game's just not the same. We don't have a soul who'll walk out there tonight when the whistle blows and hammer somebody into the seats."

DOUG KINNEY

Brick Town, N.J.

continued



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Sir:

It seems funny to me that some people can remember the Philadelphia Flyers' total penalty minutes for last season and forget that the Flyers dominated the Stanley Cup playoffs with finesse rather than fisticuffs. As far as I'm concerned, the only thing Ray Kennedy proved was that you don't have to play ice hockey to give someone a black eye.

RICHARD STEWART

Morgantown, W. Va.

Sir:

Finally, someone put into words my sentiments concerning excessive violence in professional hockey. As Ray Kennedy so ably expresses it, what we fans want is not to see an end to good, solid, hard-hitting hockey, but rather, an end to the slipshod, lackluster kind of playing that relies on premeditated violence to generate excitement.

LINDA C. SUTTER

New York City

FOR FUN (CONT.)

Sir:

In my seven years of subscribing to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* I have never come across as timely and necessary an article as John Underwood's (*Taking the Fun Out of a Game*,

Nov. 17). As a kids' soccer coach, I was able to identify completely with the point Underwood was making. Coaches involved with kids must begin to evaluate their position more realistically. It is not to yell and carry on and appease parents, but to have a less intense approach and make sure the youngsters enjoy what they are doing. I hope Underwood's piece will convey this to overzealous parents everywhere. Let's teach these kids the joys of sport, not have them develop ulcers as preteen-agers.

Also, I nominate Bob Copp as SI's Sportsman of the Year.

JOHN L. KIRBY

Cumberland, R. I.

Sir:

You have given us an interesting and thought-provoking glimpse of trends and contrasts in our society in your recent articles on kids' soccer (Nov. 3) and young men's football.

GRAY B. ZIECHKE

Kaunawa, Hawaii

Sir:

Vince Lombardi, one of the great coaches of our time, was surely thinking of professional athletes when he made that famous

statement, "Winning isn't everything; it's the only thing." He must have been thinking of kids' football when he said, "Has this become a game for madmen, and have I become one of them?"

JERRY F. ALLOCCO

New Providence, N. J.

Sir:

It's been said that a coach is sometimes the most influential teacher a child has. If so, I wouldn't want a man who punches out a 12-year-old star of the opposing team coaching my kid.

BON MORTLEY

Ridgely, Conn.

Sir:

I am happy to say that the coaches of the team on which I play are more like Bob Copp than any of the others mentioned.

CHET KOLLEY

Middletown, Pa.

Sir:

I have witnessed isolated instances of most of the situations pointed out by John Underwood. When they occur, they are appalling. But I have the gut feeling that such instances are isolated. Unfortunately, my sons

continued

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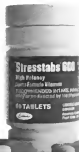
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10TH MOLE

are not going to be coached by perfect human beings. Nor will they witness perfect parent conduct at their games, or at home, for that matter. But they are not going to encounter that human perfection anywhere. So, even with all of the imperfection that my boys will experience in their Pop Warner days, at least they will have learned teamwork, how to lose and how to win; they will have learned the importance of second effort and of curbing their tempers and channeling aggression; and they will have learned how to be better men.

LIEUT. COMMANDER K. B. ABEL
Chaplain Corps, USN

San Diego

Sir:

It is true a parent can ruin his son by making him feel guilty for not playing football when he might be more inclined toward the polo. But the parent who was a concert pianist or an Eagle Scout can ruin his child by pressing him to excel in music or scouting when his interests are elsewhere. Pressure is not unique to football or athletics, as many children who are expected to bring home a good report card from school can verify. When it comes to kids' football, the trick is indeed to keep them smiling, and people like Bob Cupp are proving it can be done.

BUD RATHELL

Wichita, Kans.

Sir:

Your article about junior football, especially Bob Cupp's comments and philosophy, should be required reading for all prospective coaches, and especially parents.

JERRY G. HARTMAN

Bloomington, Ind.

MYSTIC SEAPORT'S BOOK

Sir:

The excellent and sensitive review (ARI TALK, Nov. 30) of Rudolph J. Schaefer's book *J. E. Botsford, 19th-Century Marine Painter* contained one unfortunate but perhaps undetectable error. The publisher of this book is clearly identified as Mystic Seaport, not Wesleyan University Press. Since Wesleyan University Press distributes our books, it is probable that this was the cause of the error. However, we at Mystic Seaport are justifiably proud of our book-publishing program, so I hope you will understand my desire to bring this to the attention of your readers.

PURCY K. SAUTHE
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Tareyton

Charcoal is why. Charcoal filtration is used to freshen air, to make water and other beverages taste better. It does something for cigarette smoke, too.

TAREYTON has two filters—a white tip on the outside, activated charcoal on the inside. Like other filters they reduce tar and nicotine. But the charcoal does more.

It balances, smooths—gives you a taste no plain white filter can match.



"That's why us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch."



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size 20 mg "tar", 1.3 mg nicotine,
100 mm 16 mg "tar", 1.3 mg nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75.